

Sports Illustrated




SEPTEMBER 5, 1983 \$1.75

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HUSKERS!**

**Nebraska's
Mike Rozler
Runs Through
Purdue State**



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LEADING OFF



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



FULL COLOR IS THE STATE OF GRUT'S ART

With this issue SI becomes the first all-color national weekly magazine—that is, the first to permit the use of four-color illustration on every page. Our use of color increased markedly back in 1981, but until this week **FALLS IN THE CROWN**, one or more pages in the substantial list article on each issue and, indeed, this department, remained black and white, while the contents page and **SCORECARD** used two, rather than four, colors. No longer. And **CONTENTS** has gained not only color but also an additional page to enhance its appearance.

A man who savors the new capability more than most is Art Director Harvey Grut. Grut joined the magazine in the prepublication days of 1953 as what was then known as a cutter/paster. In the '50s he was mostly cutting and pasting black-and-white photographs—including shots of such moments as Roger Bannister, in our first issue, winning the "Mile of the Century" in Vancouver. "A color picture of a news event was impossible," Grut recalls. "Color had to close six weeks in advance."

As our use of color increased, so did our ability to get it into the magazine quickly. By 1978 we were able to run color news photos from a weekend event, but a small SI task force had to fly from New York to Chicago on each

occasion to design the layout there.

"It was such an antiquated system, compared with today's," says Grut. "We projected a slide onto a piece of paper on the wall, moved the projector until the photo was cropped on the paper the way we wanted it in the magazine and then took a pencil and traced a rough outline of the picture that the engraver could follow. Six hours later someone would wake us up at the hotel across the street to approve it."

We have progressed considerably since. Many of the photographs in our report of the first track and field World Championships (Aug. 22) were taken in Helsinki on Sunday, processed that night in London, couriered to New York via Concorde Monday morning, viewed here at 11 a.m.—and closed for an issue that was en route to subscribers and newsstands 21 hours later.

But as SI's color capabilities became more sophisticated, those last remnants of black-and-white illustration in the front and the back of the magazine became more conspicuous. "It was like watching a football game on television in which the first minutes were in black and white, the middle in color and the final minutes in black and white again," says Managing Editor Gilbert Rogin. "It didn't make sense."

"Color is part of the impact of sports action," says Grut. "It's a fleeting moment on the field or on the TV screen, but in the magazine the reader can savor it more fully, captured in color." The move to full color brings continuity to the magazine and affords Grut's department a welcome artistic consistency. Also more work, of course. To which Rogin says, "It has been a challenge to do this. It has been, all along. But when people open their eyes, they see in color, not in black and white. Since man began depicting his world on the walls of his caves, millennia ago, he has painted in color."

Welcome, then, to our world of color, A.D. 1983.

Robert L. Miller

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Footloose

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

WANT TO SHOW THE WORLD YOUR JUMP SHOT? GET A TEAM AND GO TO HAWAII

The only contact most recreational athletes have with international competition is cheering or booing events on their TV screens. But now every public park softball team and pickup basketball player in captivity can get into the picture. Ron Watson, a 22-year amateur rugby player and former president of the Hawaii Harlequins rugby club, has organized a line-up for 1983-84 of open international tournaments in softball, rugby, skiing, volleyball, bicycling and basketball. "The tournaments are an Olympics for the average Joe and Jane," says Watson. "Participants can mingle with recreational athletes from other countries during games, at the host hotels and at social events like banquets, mixers and fishing cruises."

Watson launched his get-togethers for Cinderella teams from around the world with a 1979 rugby tournament in Hawaii that attracted 32 teams from nine countries, the largest international field in history. The winner was the longest of long shots: a team from Tokanui, a New Zealand farming village of 200. In fact, Tokanui had been a long shot just to show up; to raise money for their expenses, the players spent 18 months buying and selling livestock, shearing sheep, gathering hay and auctioning off everything from door hinges to cars.

Watson's current format still encourages underdogs to enter. Each tournament begins with round-robin play designed to gauge your level of ability, or your team's, and enable you to be assigned to the appropriate division for the remainder of the event. There are separate divisions for women (except in rugby), over-35s and for basketball teams with no players over 6 feet tall. And all winners are presented with trophies at a dinner held the last night.

Each tournament lasts a week or more, with warm-weather events held in Hawaii and the skiing in South Lake Tahoe, Calif. Since some tournaments require a good deal of advance planning by participants, not all events are offered annually. For more information, call Watson at 1-800-367-2333.

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So stock up on the Natural Light and enter the Tailgatin' Snapshot Sweepstakes.



EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

CULPABILITY IN CARACAS

The reaction of U.S. Olympic Committee President William E. Simon to the drug scandal at the Pan American Games (page 18) is disquieting. In announcing that the USOC was instituting mandatory random doping tests at domestic competitions, Simon took a long overdue action. At the same time, by self-righteously saying that USOC officials had warned athletes "time and time again" about the damages of drug use, he was obscuring his organization's own culpability in the doping scandal.

USOC higher-ups knew full well that steroid use was widespread in the U.S. despite the "warnings" Simon was talking about. They also were aware that many American athletes felt themselves at a competitive disadvantage in the face of what they believed to be a more scientific use of steroids and other drugs by Soviet-bloc rivals, and looked to American coaches, officials and doctors to provide similar assistance. And the USOC actually may have obliged: Tom Petranoff, the American who holds the world record in the javelin, told SI last week that he had attended USOC-sponsored "elite-athlete" seminars at which doctors provided estimates of how long various steroids remain in the body, information that would be useful in trying to avoid detection. This was consistent with the USOC's role in arranging drug testing in Caracas before the Games began for 10 American weightlifters, eight of whom tested positive for steroids. No penalties were imposed because the pretesting was strictly "informational": in essence, the USOC was providing help to American athletes so they wouldn't get caught. Apparently, the USOC has been trying to have it both ways, dutifully cautioning athletes about drug use while "realistically" helping drug users in their efforts to avoid detection.

If the USOC had meant business about curbing drug use among this country's athletes, it could have instituted mandatory doping controls at domestic events long before last week's announcement. The same is true of The Athletics Congress, the national governing body for track and field, which has spurned calls to introduce testing at U.S. championships, partly because of cost but also because of

its laughable position, as enunciated last week by spokesman Pete Cava, that doping tests at international meets were enough of a "deterrent." To complete the picture of U.S. laxity, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee has resisted the International Olympic Committee's demands for testing at the '84 Summer Games for excessive levels of testosterone and caffeine. The LAOOC has objected that such tests aren't scientifically foolproof, but it's also obvious that the need for testing hasn't been taken seriously by LAOOC President Peter Ueberroth, who last January, in a reference to drug use in sports, was almost flippant in telling SI's Anita Verschorh, "The only real drug problem we have is football players taking cocaine."

Under the circumstances, it isn't surprising that IOC medical authorities regard the U.S. as the least cooperative of major athletic nations in dealing with drug use by athletes. The hope is that now, after the developments in Caracas, U.S. officials will put the health of their athletes and a devotion to the rules ahead of concerns about what rival nations may or may not be doing.

COMMON BOND

During the second half of their 19-17 preseason win over the Dolphins in Miami, the Saints unveiled what was immediately dubbed the all-Wilson backfield. Quarterback Dave Wilson, Fullback Tim Wilson and Running Back Wayne Wilson were joined by the official NFL football, the Wilson F 1000.

PLEASE SPARE THIS MOUNTAIN

Sign of the times: The National Park Service is asking climbers who plan on ascending Mount Rainier to carry out all human waste. To expedite this request, the service is providing climbers with plastic bags. So heavy is the traffic on the two main routes to Mount Rainier's peak—last year 8,358 climbers attempted to scale the 14,408-foot mountain—that the crevasses are being excessively fouled with excrement. As one park official, Jim Monheiser, delicately puts it: "They packed it in, so now we're asking them to pack it out."

GUMSHOES BUT NO GUM

Police in Los Angeles, Minneapolis and other cities have been distributing free trading cards bearing photos of local NFL stars on one side and crime prevention and safety tips on the other. All a youngster has to do is ask a policeman for the latest card. Cops on the beat carry a supply with them. In the Washington, D.C. area, where a grant by Frito-Lay Inc. enabled police to hand out three million Redskin trading cards last year, the tip on Tight End Don Warren's card urged children not to leave toys in the yard, where they might be stolen. Safety Mark Murphy's card counseled youngsters not to accept money, candy, gifts or rides from strangers. And Defensive Tackle Dave Butz's cautioned them not to play at construction sites.

In distributing the cards, the police are



trying to build a rapport with children while also giving them some sound advice. Sorry, kids, but bubble gum doesn't come with the cards. And don't accept any gum from strangers, either.

THERE'S A MORAL HERE, COUGAR FANS

Bloomington (Ind.) North High School's football team went into its season opener against Indianapolis Washington two weeks ago with an improbable pair of losing streaks. The Cougars had lost not only 21 straight games but also, amazingly, every pregame coin toss over the same span. North proceeded to lose its 22nd

continued



WELCOME TO

With this issue, SI has taken the dramatic step of moving into 100% color capability

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Sports Illustrated



straight game, 58-0, the worst defeat in the school's history, but not before finally winning a coin flip. Which goes to show, we suppose, that it's a whole lot easier to change one's luck than one's skill.

A MAN FOR ALL DAYS

Edwin Moses last week regained the distinction of being the only track and field athlete to have the top performance in his specialty for each day of the week. That's the word from Jed Brickner, a Los Angeles lawyer who keeps tabs on performances in the sport on the basis of the days on which they're set (SCORECARD, March 10, 1980, *et seq.*). Moses' world record in the 400-meter hurdles of 47.13 was set on July 3, 1980—a Thursday—and he also has the "records" for Sunday (47.43), Monday (47.90), Tuesday (47.14), Friday (47.17) and Saturday

(47.45). Until last week, though, Moses' best for a Wednesday had been a 47.64, a shade slower than the 47.48 that West Germany's Harald Schmid clocked on Sept. 8, 1982. But as Brickner notes, Moses' time of 47.37 in Zurich last Wednesday eclipsed Schmid's mark and restores the American's mantle as the sport's only "seven-day wonder."

AK, THOSE SUNDAY VICTORIES

As a general rule, winning teams benefit more than losing teams from ticket and concession sales and TV revenues. Now comes Paul Mooney, president of both the Boston Bruins and the Boston Garden, to say that winning teams also save money in vandalism costs. Totting up losses from damage to the Garden after Bruins and Celtic games, including signs torn off walls, toilets plugged up by for-

eign objects and the like, Mooney estimates that the cost of vandalism after a win typically amounts to about \$500 while the cost after losses soars to \$5,000. After a Bruins tie, the bill, Mooney says, comes to \$800 to \$900.

"When the Bruins or Celtics lose a game in which there are high expectations the other way, the building bears the brunt of fan dissatisfaction," Mooney says. "A game between the Bruins and the Philadelphia Flyers, for instance, would have a higher intensity than one between the Bruins and the Los Angeles Kings. When there's a higher expectation level and the game winds up a disappointment, there's a higher level of damage to the building."

Mooney says there's little difference between Celtic and Bruins games in the amount of damage but that the night of the week can make a difference. "A Sunday night audience is far more sedate generally than a Friday night audience," he says. "On Sunday the fans are intent on getting ready to start the work week the next day. On a Friday, in contrast, it's the start of a weekend, and the fans whoop it up more."

MERCY, YES, IT'S GRANNY THE GREEK



She's of Scottish- Welsh extraction and has a daughter but no grandchildren. But that doesn't prevent WFLA-TV in Tampa from billing Carolyn Cross, the 81-year-old widow who serves as the station's puglia prognosticator, as "Granny the Greek." This week the white-haired retired schoolteacher will be starting another season providing weekly on-the-air picks of five NFL and five college games. According to the station, her accuracy rate since her debut in the middle of the '81 season has been a solid 75% for the pros, even higher for the colleges.

Granny began closely following football in the early '20s after taking a job teaching English and Latin at Lynch (Ky.) High

School. She and her late husband, C. Austin Cross, a safety inspector for U.S. Steel, rooted for the University of Kentucky and rubbed elbows with Wildcat coaches and players. A Florida resident since 1963, she was "discovered" by WFLA sportscaster Dick Crippen. "She'd called me with questions about games," says Crippen. "The more we spoke, the more I realized she knew what she was talking about. I thought, 'I wonder if she can pick football games.'"

Crippen's protégée takes in as many games as she can on TV—"Mercy, yes, I like to watch football," she says—but relies less on stats than on seat-of-the-rocker-chair intuition. "Granny's not above picking St. Louis because she likes red birds," says Crippen. She also is faithful to her favorite coaches, and it doesn't hurt her accuracy average that they also happen to be winning coaches. Bear Bryant was high on Granny's list because he used to coach at Kentucky, and she's partial to Miami Coach Howard Schnellenberger because he once played there, and to Michigan Panther Coach Jim Stanley, whose team won the 1983 USFL title, because he was in Granny's senior English class at Lynch High. "I picked the Panthers right from the start," she says.

Granny recognizes that her growing following includes bettors, but she refuses to help those who call her at home for tips. "If that's what they want it for, I just don't give it to them," she says. But she quickly adds, "Not that I'm a goody-goody or anything."

STARTING SMALL, MAKING IT BIG

Seattle Seahawk Quarterback Jim Zorn is a product of Cal Poly-Pomona, which dropped football a year ago. Backup Quarterback Dave Krieg comes from Milton (Wis.) College, which didn't just drop football; last year the whole school went out of business. And rookie Steve Wray, who made the Seahawks as the third signal-caller, played at Franklin (Ind.) College, which belongs to the Heartland Conference and has a 600-member student body.

Who says you have to go to a big-time football school to make it as an NFL quarterback?

THEY SAID IT

● Todd Blackledge, former Penn State quarterback, after calling his parents to tell them about his lucrative contract with the Kansas City Chiefs: "I told them it was the last collect call I'd ever make."

● Bill Yeoman, University of Houston coach, bemoaning the fact that 300-pound senior Tackle Earl Jones has been declared ineligible for academic reasons: "He can move around pretty good. He just didn't move to class too well." **END**

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With The Greatest Of Ease

Nebraska displayed awesome offensive might as it opened the season by routing champion Penn State

by **JACK McCALLUM**

This time Nebraska didn't take any chances. The last time Nebraska played Penn State—on Sept. 25, 1982—the Cornhuskers blew a three-point lead in the final four seconds and suffered a bitter 27-24 defeat. The Nittany Lions went on to win the national championship. On Monday night, though, in the inaugural Kickoff Classic at Giants Stadium in the New Jersey Meadowlands, Nebraska gave Penn State not the slightest opportunity to stage late-game heroics. Or, for that matter, early or mid-game heroics. Unleashing a formidable offensive attack coolly led by Quarterback Turner Gill, the Huskers rolled up 500 yards on the way to a 44-6 romp that was even more one-sided than the score.

With Penn State behind him—far, far behind—Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne noted afterward that a team usually improves the most between its first and second games of the season. Yikes. Heaven help Wyoming, the next victim on the Huskers' schedule.

Penn State Coach Joe Paterno said he had "grave reservations" about playing a game in August, but he couldn't have imagined just how grave his plight would be. "Ever get the

continued

I-Back Paul Miles soared over the top for the touchdown that completed the Cornhuskers' runaway victory.



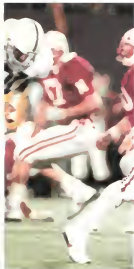


crap kicked out of you?" he said early Tuesday morning, long after the lights had gone out. No Paterno team had been treated so badly since 1966, his first season as Lion head coach, when UCLA beat Penn State 49-11.

Nebraska stormed to a 21-0 half-time lead, and then Osborne mercifully benched most of his regulars. Trouble was, the Cornhuskers' second, third and fourth units were just as rough on Penn State as the starters, and soon the num-



Fryar was a holy terror for the Cornhuskers, hauling in four passes for a total of 81 yards.



Gill completed 11 of 14 throws and ruined the Lion defense with his option trickery.

bers on the board read Nebraska 44, Penn State 0. A last-second touchdown did little to salve the Lions' wounded pride. Actually, Penn State probably lost Monday night's game last Feb. 18, the day Todd Blackledge decided to turn pro a year early, leaving Paterno with two untested quarterbacks, Doug Strang and Dan Loneragan.

Nebraska, on the other hand, had a quarterback who stayed. Gill turned down a baseball offer this summer from the New York Yankees—he's a short-stop—to direct Osborne's option offense. He performed against a Penn State defense that was supposed to be even stronger than last year's unit, which allowed only 48 points in the final six games of the regular season. Gill, who's a senior, completed 11 of 14 passes for 158 yards and one touchdown, ran for 53 yards and a score and constantly befuddled the Lions with his option trickery. Penn State would play the pass—and Gill would run, Penn State would play the run—and Gill would pass.

Rather than the Kickoff Classic, the game should have been billed as a Turner and the Jersey Jets jam session. The Jets are I-Buck Mike Rozier, who comes from Camden, N.J., and Wingback Irving



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN IACONO AND HENZ BLUTMEIER

cally because of the skill players," says Osborne.

On Monday night, however, Nebraska seemed to have 60 skill players ready for the Nittany Lions. After Gill scored from the one to put the Huskers ahead 7-0, Tight End Monte Engebretson, a fifth-year senior, broke into the open and caught a 19-yard touchdown pass from Gill on the final play of the first quarter. It was only the second reception of his career, but Engebretson made it look routine—something out of a Kellen Winslow highlight film. "It was exciting," said Engebretson.

Some 10 minutes later Todd Frain, a second-string tight end with no previous career receptions, caught a 20-yard scoring pass, running the same pattern Engebretson had. "I said, 'Wow!'" said Frain. Gill was on the bench, resting, at the time, and that pass was thrown by his backup, Nate Mason, who picked out Frain as the third option. Osborne says he wants Mason to see action in crucial situations, but Nebraska may not have many of them this year. In the third quarter Cornhusker Linebacker Mike Knox stepped in front of a Strang pass and returned the interception untouched for a 27-yard touchdown, increasing Nebraska's lead to 27-0. "I thought it was damn cool," said Knox. At that point many in the crowd of 71,123 started to leave, and who could blame them?

Impressive as the Huskers were, they didn't do a particularly good job on pass

coverage. "Seems like Penn State had a lot of people roaming around in our secondary," said Osborne. Maybe so, but both Strang and Loneragan passed as if they were alley-ooping to David Thompson. After Strang, who started, completed an 11-yard sideline pass on his first attempt, he overthrew receivers on four of his next five. He then changed that pattern by throwing behind Split End Kevin Baugh. Early in the second quarter Paterno benched Strang and went to Loneragan, answering the prayers of Loneragan's mother, Alma. She had burned a candle every day in the hope that her son would get a chance. After throwing incompletions on his first five attempts, Loneragan gave Penn State some life by hitting Flanker Tim Robinson for a 39-yard gain. But Loneragan then overthrew Baugh on a fourth-and-two rollout at the Nebraska 15, and that ended that.

While Penn State has a quarterback problem that may not be resolved until Paterno gets out on the high school recruiting trail, Nebraska is sitting pretty with Gill—and Mason, too. Perhaps Paterno and Osborne ought to work out the first trade in college football history: Mason to Penn State in return for two blue-chip recruits from Mechanicsburg, Pa.

As for Gill, he can do it all. He rarely drops back because he's equally effective rolling left or right—and forcing the defense to think run. "Roll left, roll right, crawl left, crawl right," said Fryar. "Turner can do anything." And though Gill no longer has 6' 3", 290-pound Center Dave Rimington, college football's fireman of the year in 1981 and '82 and now a Cincinnati Bengal, blocking for him, he does have 6' 4", 270-pound Right Guard Dean Steinkuhler to clear away prospective tacklers.

Like the other Huskers, Steinkuhler wasn't exactly doing handstands after the game. He had his act together. "It's kind of early to call us an offensive machine," he said. "We can't let this game go to our heads. The difference may have been that we were better conditioned. They were sucking air early."

Right you are, Dean. And late, too. The Classic was no contest. **END**



An exasperated Paterno had no answers for Tailback Jon Williams or anyone else.

Caracas: A Scandal And A Warning

Last Saturday morning, dressed in cut-off blue jeans and a striped Pan American Games T shirt, William E. Simon, president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, sat on the patio of his summer home on Long Island, the beach grass rippling in the wind behind him. Simon was talking tough about drugs. "It's about time the athletes understand we mean business," he said. "This is a problem that is going to destroy the international Olympic movement if we allow it to continue. It's an evil and we are going to stamp it out. The athletes are going to find out that the game is over."

The game may or may not be over, but after last week's events, it's no longer being ignored. Even as Simon spoke, the IX Pan Am Games were proceeding apace

The drug revelations that rocked the Pan Am Games put in motion a stringent new cleanup campaign

by CRAIG NEFF

in Caracas amid the turmoil of one of the broadest, most heavily publicized drug scandals ever to hit amateur sports. Biochemistry had quickly supplanted bafoncesto and beisbol as the focus of attention at the games, which had become a cacophony of misinformation and chaos. By the end of competition Sunday night, 11 weightlifters, a bicyclist, a fencer, a sprinter and a shotputter—15 athletes, all male, from the U.S., Cuba, Canada, Colombia, Nicaragua, Argentina, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Chile and the Dominican Republic—had been disqualified; urinalysis tests administered to them by the games' state-of-the-art doping-control lab had detected traces of one or more of the nearly 100 substances—ranging from eye drops to anabolic ste-





USOC President Simon said, "The athletes are going to find out the game is over."

roids—banned by the International Olympic Committee. Among those caught was America's top Olympic weightlifting prospect, Jeff Machel, who was found to have too high a level of testosterone. The possibility remained that more disqualifications would be announced this week.

Never before had drug tests trapped so many at a single event, prompting rumors that the equipment and procedures being used in Caracas were part of a new, more sophisticated technology. That was untrue. "The identical machinery and methods have been used for several years," said Dr. Manfred Donike, who, along with members of his staff from the Cologne, West Germany, College of Sports, was performing the tests. Yet confusion about the testing led to a variety of disturbing happenings.

On Tuesday morning 12 U.S. track and field athletes flew home. One of them, pole vaulter Mike Tully, would return three days later. Meanwhile, at the Stadio Olimpico, a suspiciously large number of track and field athletes either were scratched from their events or with-

drew with sudden "injuries," presumably to avoid the risk of being tested. Several of those in the throwing events, facing automatic testing if they won, performed comically—or pathetically—below their capabilities. Since all winners were tested (as were a smattering of other athletes chosen at random), they obviously were hoping to stay out of the cauldron by going into the tank.

The developments cast a shadow on all of track and field. The long-standing rumors of widespread drug use in the sport seemed to be confirmed all at once. Suddenly sounding distressingly plausible was the statement made by world-record-holding hurdler Edwin Moses that 50% or more of America's world-class track and field athletes were using drugs to try to improve their performances. "I didn't want to believe that," said U.S. hurdler James King last week. "After this, I have to."

But the Pan Am fiasco had other amateur athletes throughout the world wondering what to believe—and hoping that the questions raised in Caracas will be answered before Los Angeles, 1984. Will the widespread use of performance-improving drugs at last be eradicated through high-technology testing, as Simon claims will be the case? Had those

12 Americans who left Caracas been part of a setup by the USOC to be some kind of example to the rest of the world, as most of them believed? Or did the whole embarrassing affair result from mismanagement, misinformation and poor communications between U.S. team officials and the athletes in their charge?

"We protected their rights to the best of our ability," says Simon of those 12 Americans. As for Machel and other athletes who were disqualified, Simon says, "The fact is, they broke the law, and the fact is, they knew what the law was, and the fact is that they knew what the penalty was. And then's the rules, so don't complain if you get caught. No sympathy here, thank you." Simon was adamant on the point. "They have been warned time and time again," he said repeatedly last week. "It's about time they understood we mean business."

Simon's claim that athletes knew months in advance about the strictness of the Pan Am testing irked many of the Americans. "How could anyone know that we were warned unless he was there to see us get warned?" countered shot-putter Ian Pyka, one of those who flew home on Tuesday. However, according to Pete Cirva, spokesman for The Athletics Congress, the U.S. governing body for track and field, the top eight finishers in each event at the national championships in June received a three-page memo listing the five categories of banned substances and noting that testing would be done at all major summer meets, including the Pan Am Games, with a special warning against usage of "eye drops, nose drops or cold remedies." Of course, not all the Pan Am team members were among the top eight at the TAC nationals. Pyka, for instance, finished ninth.

Also, Larry Ellis, the 1984 Olympic men's coach, sent a letter to major track coaches and clubs warning about testing at summer meets. "The testing," Ellis wrote, "is of such a sophisticated nature that . . . drug use six months prior to the day of the test can be verified."

However, many U.S. athletes insist they were not told of the strictness of the testing until they had gathered at a pre-Pan Am Games camp in Hollywood, Fla. in the first weeks of August. At that time,

continued

Machel lost three gold medals after testing revealed an excessive testosterone ratio.



PAN AM GAMES continued

few in the U.S. delegation had even seen the Caracas lab, and there was talk that because of organizational problems in Venezuela, there might not be any testing at all. The main source of information for the athletes was Dr. Evie Dennis, U.S. chief of mission for the games, who had heard about the lab while doing advance work in Caracas. "I knew then they weren't fooling around," she says. "I called and told [U.S. team manager] Joe [Vigil], 'I don't know if anyone of yours is taking drugs. I don't have any reason to think so, but if anyone is or has, tell him for God's sake go home.'"

Amateur athletes have long heard scare stories about tough drug tests, and except for rare instances they have always remained that—scare stories. Some athletes jokingly refer to them as "sink tests," because the carefully obtained urine samples invariably

end up showing nothing and being poured down the sink. "Hey, it can't go six months back [to check for steroids]—that's what I heard people saying," says sprinter Jackie Washington.

Whatever else is true, it's clear that the athletes had heard at least something about potentially strict testing by the time they arrived in Caracas. Then on Monday, Aug. 22, came blunt warnings about it. In meetings with American doc-

Donike said the U.S. had been lax in testing athletes for drugs.



Test procedures at Caracas were the same as those used at the World Championships.

tors and coaches less than 48 hours before track and field competition was to begin, the athletes were told that the urinalysis equipment set up in Caracas was the most sophisticated and sensitive ever used, that it could detect illegal substances put into their bodies years earlier, perhaps at any point in their lives. "These doctors came with facts," recalls Pyka. "In the past, everything was hearsay."

Never mind that the doctors' "facts" were mostly incorrect, and that by week's end the U.S. would be suffering one of the most embarrassing episodes in the history of amateur sports in this country; at least the doctors made the athletes sit up and listen. Says King, "A lot of guys got scared."

The athletes' fears increased considerably when it was announced on Monday that seven weightlifters had tested positive for steroids. The lifers would not only be stripped of 12 newly won Pan Am medals, but in all likelihood lose their 1984 Olympic eligibility as well. One of them, Cuba's Daniel Núñez, would also lose a world record. Suddenly rumors were swirling around Caracas. At least 40 athletes had already been caught, went one. Another had it that the testing equipment could indeed trace drug use back to childhood. Another. This was a premeditated crackdown, designed to rid all amateur sports of drug use before the '84 Olympics. Not surprisingly, when U.S. Chief Medical Officer Dr. Roy

Bergman and head track Coach John Randolph arranged a Monday afternoon briefing session to explain the testing procedures, some 20 members of the men's team showed up.

"If you have any doubts about your own case," Randolph told them, "you can choose to go home." One of those with doubts was Pyka. Fearing he might test positive because he had taken an over-the-counter decongestant, Sudafed, for a sinus problem he'd developed two weeks earlier, Pyka had already decided to leave.

Would a test find lingering traces of Sudafed in his system? If so, would he be disqualified—and thereby lose his Olympic eligibility? U.S. team doctors, not entirely certain what the testing equipment could or could not find, would not give him a satisfactory answer. Nor would the doctors advise javelin thrower Duncan Atwood, who was also concerned about Sudafed, or sprinter Brady Cram, who had been taking medication for strep throat.

"I began to talk to the coaches," says Atwood. "They weren't sure, so we tried to talk to the doctors. And the doctors weren't sure either." Says Pyka, "All we knew was that guys were going down like flies before us in the weightlifting." And that wasn't encouraging. At 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, just seven hours before the opening of the track competition, Pyka, Atwood and 10 teammates boarded Pan Am Flight 218 for New York.

Their departure was shocking enough. What was equally difficult to believe was the way the USOC handled it. The 12 athletes—Pyka, Atwood, Tully, Cram, Dave McKenzie, the U.S. record holder in the hammer throw, triple-jumper Mike Marlow, shotputter Jesse Stuart, discus throwers Paul Bishop and Greg McSevency, hammer thrower John McArdle, long-jumper Randy Williams, and hurdler Mark Patrick—had put their trust in their coaches and the USOC staff. "I found out these tests were very strong and were picking up allergy medicine and, of course, the steroids," says Atwood. "Then I heard that wasn't true, that they were only picking up steroids. Then I heard, no, the tests were picking up everything. So there was an information problem." Says Pyka, "It was like going into a dark cave, not knowing whether there is something in it or not."

The athletes assumed, naively, that they would be able to leave Caracas quietly, no questions asked, without media coverage. Not so. A van full of reporters and TV cameramen followed them as they left the athletes' village by bus at 6:30 a.m., and even more greeted them at Simon Bolivar Airport. "They filmed us and tried to ask questions like 'Have you stopped beating your wife?'" says Atwood. Such attention was nothing compared to what they would receive at home. The story was front-page news and on all the newscasts. All of this added



Pyka chose to go home rather than jeopardize his Olympic hopes because of cold pills.

to the athletes' feelings of betrayal.

As the 12 were leaving Venezuela, Dennis was addressing a press conference on behalf of the USOC. "Their individual decisions to withdraw should not be taken as an implication of guilt," she said. But the remainder of Dennis' statement—a condemnation of drug use and praise for the strict Pan Am testing—clearly implied such guilt and left the impression that the point of the exercise was to make an example of the Caracas 12. (Or 13, as the USOC incorrectly reckoned it, adding decathlete Gary Bennett—who had injured his leg but never did leave—to the list of departees.) Vigil told a Caracas newspaper later that day, "I think it's pretty obvious why they went home. We've realized for a long time that sensitive testing would turn away athletes. It's really too bad." But should it have been assumed that all 12, for 13 or 11, since Tully, fed up with his harassment back in the States, returned and won Friday's pole vault competition with a jump of 17' 10½" had been using steroids or other drugs? The Western

press formed that impression. And here is how Moscow handled the news. *Sovetsky Sport* said the U.S. athletes withdrew because "they were frightened that their drug habits might be exposed." Tass reported that U.S. athletes now expect medical experts to work with the USOC to find "new and better methods of deception" to avoid detection of drugs. Tass made no mention of the disqualified Cubans.

None of the 12 Americans admitted to steroid use. Williams said he left Caracas because his wife had recently given birth. Patrick claimed he had a shoulder injury. Tully cited "personal business." "I don't doubt that some of the reasons were legitimate," says Ellis. "I don't doubt that some of them were on steroids."

As their flight carried them toward New York, the athletes moved about the aisles, visiting with each other, thinking—erroneously—that the worst was over. But they also talked conspiracy theory. One athlete said, "The word was that the medical staff from the Pan Am Games called the USOC, in the United

Continued

States and talked to a doctor regarding the testing procedure and what to do about any athlete who may have a problem. They were told by that doctor, "Let them get caught."

Says Pyka, "The more we talked, the more it looked like we were set up." Atwood was surprised by the uncommon helpfulness of USOC officials. "It was very easy for me to leave," Atwood says. "I was told 'We have a ticket for you, we have flights for you.'" And then, says McKenzie, "The press was waiting for us. It was a little too much of a coincidence." Some of the athletes felt that because they were "third string" they were expendable, while the U.S.'s best—those who competed at the World Championships in Helsinki—were protected. Their guess was that if there was a plot, or a cover-up, Simon was directing it, motivated by a desire to wipe out drug use for all time. They were certain that Simon had known for months about the stringent testing planned for Caracas and thus bore the responsibility for failing to give them adequate warning.

They may have been giving Simon too much credit. At any rate, even as the athletes traded theories in the aircraft's coach section, Simon was sitting in first

class on the very same plane. Though Simon had had reservations on the flight for months, his departure from Caracas just as the U.S. team was becoming embroiled in a major controversy seemed somehow inappropriate. "We were trying to figure out who he was and what he looked like," said Atwood. "Nobody had the nerve to go up and talk to him. In my opinion, he had a lot to do with the misinformation that was flying around."

Misinformation was bountiful. On Tuesday afternoon four more lifters were disqualified, including Michels, whose testosterone measurement exceeded the legal limit set for the games. Said Michels, who had won three gold medals in the 242-pound class, "We were told that steroids is the only thing they look for, but that other things"—he cited Vaseline and hemorrhoid creams—"could screw up the results." Which sounds like something other than a precise medical explanation.

"I told a member of the weightlifting staff all the details of the testing," says Bergman, refusing to name the staff member. "He said he would pass it on to the team members. I now believe his recommendations to them differed in some portions from mine."

The treatment of the U.S. weightlifting team in Caracas included another unorthodoxy. Unlike any other American athletes at the games, a group of 10 lifters were tested for steroids before the competition. Eight of the 10 tested positive. The eight weren't identified, but at least some of them competed anyway. All apparently avoided being tested following competition—thanks to the combination



of luck and their failure to win. Interestingly enough, Michels had tested negative before the competition both for anabolic steroids and testosterone, according to his coaches.

No one has challenged the IOC's list of banned substances. Many U.S. athletes, after all, have long claimed that they need to use steroids just to keep up with the Russians and East Germans. But even if, as Simon says, the American athletes were warned about testing well in advance of Caracas, they could not have been given complete, accurate information about the nature of the testing. Through the very end of the Pan Am Games, much of what U.S. athletes, coaches and doctors persisted in believing about the testing machinery and procedures was simply wrong. As Donike said, and contrary to what most everyone in Caracas thought, the \$200,000 worth of equipment used there—two mass spectrometers, four gas chromatographs and two computer printout machines, all American-made by Hewlett-Packard—was virtually identical to that used to test athletes in Helsinki and at last year's soccer World Cup in Madrid. Donike was also in charge of those two labs. "Abso-



Bergman (above) said no drug would go undetected. Dennis implied the departing Americans were guiltless.





Tully journeyed 8,000 miles in three days, then won the gold medal in the pole vault.

lutely nothing is being done differently here," he said.

But U.S. officials and athletes kept insisting that there had to be differences, particularly since at Helsinki no one had tested positive for any banned substances. "We'd been told that this was the same testing situation as at Helsinki," said Atwood. "But Dr. Bergman was saying that was not true." Bergman was under the impression that the sophisticated equipment could detect steroid use as far back in a subject's life as the testers wished to birth if applicable, while Donike—who presumably knew what he was talking about—said the drugs could not be detected more than three months after they were discontinued. Even at week's end Bergman was saying, "The equipment here is calibrated differently from Helsinki. This is much more sensitive."

"There is no such calibration," responded Donike. "There is no dot you can turn, no 'sensitivity 1,' 'sensitivity 6,' 'sensitivity 10.'"

Yet if the machinery was no different, why were so many athletes caught?

"Maybe because they were stupid, you know," said Donike.

"There's always an ongoing struggle between the athletes and the chemists," said Dr. Anthony Daly, medical director of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee. "And most times, I'd say, the athletes are a little bit ahead. But I think this time the chemists came up first."

A major disadvantage to U.S. athletes at an event like the Pan Am Games is that they have rarely experienced any kind of drug testing while competing at home. TAC, for example, has steadfastly refused to test athletes, even at national championship meets. On May 4, Dennis wrote to TAC Executive Director Ollan Cassell: "It seems to me that our concern with results . . . and our reluctance to carry out the testing because of what we may find is an open admission that this [illegal drug use] is occurring and indeed that we are condoning same."

Not only has Dennis pushed for testing, so have the medical committees of the International Amateur Athletic Federation (IAAF) and the IOC. The U.S. has been more lax than Western European countries in testing for drugs, and at the end of last week Donike said, "I hope that some in the United States have learned a lesson."

On Long Island, Simon said that the USOC, using powers granted it by Congress under the Sports Act of 1978, would assume full responsibility for the testing of American athletes. "We need a uniform procedure, a procedure that everybody understands, [so] that everybody knows what's banned, who's going to be tested and what's going to be done after."

But should it have taken such an embarrassing situation to force Simon to take action? Says 1984 Olympic women's track and field Coach Brooks Johnson: "Everybody in any responsible position in amateur athletics, particularly in Olympics, knows that drugs have been a problem. To take this aggressive stance all of a sudden seems to be a dime rate and a dollar short."

The USOC's move into drug testing may be interpreted by some national governing bodies as an encroachment onto their own turf. Advised that drug testing will no longer be TAC's prerogative, Cava said, "Mr. Simon apparently knows more about the rules of international track and field than we do, I guess." But does TAC acknowledge this assumption of power by the USOC? "Beats me," said Cava. "The guy [Simon] says a lot of stuff that leads anybody who's in sports to kinda sit there and say, 'Wait a minute. What is he talking about?'"

"TAC is going to be a problem anyway, because they always are," said Simon, adding that "one can view a conflict of interest in the national governing bodies doing their own testing." Asked if he planned to confer with TAC's Cassell in setting up the testing, Simon said, "I have absolutely no idea. . . . What I say stands anyway, so it doesn't make any difference."

Simon said he would appoint "a group of experts," including Bergman, to recommend testing procedures.

"This has been a time bomb waiting to explode—everybody knew that this abuse was occurring," said Simon. "We did a lot of talking about it and now [it's] time for action. . . . I promise you that we are going to have the procedures in place that to the best of all of our ability will end this evil once and for all."

Let us all hope so.

END

Fast Finish To A Long Summer



Sydney Maree had struggled since June, but at Cologne he finally let go—and broke the world 1,500 mark
by **KENNY MOORE**

It seemed to Sydney Maree that he had tried so hard, and done so little. "I didn't know why I wasn't running well," he said Sunday night, his mood at once expansive and reflective, for this was important to get down. This was history now. "The whole summer was just a long struggle. I was amazed at what a month's layoff could do to me."

On June 28, reaching the tape in a 3,000-meter race in Oslo, Maree had felt a tightness in his right hamstring. By the end of his victory lap, he was limping—and knew it was a pull. He flew home to Villanova, Pa. and took nearly a month off from the circuit to heal.

Sound once more, he began intense training for the Helsinki World Championships. The effort so tired him that he failed to make the 1,500 final, but he pressed on. His history is one of blooming late in a season. In September 1981, in Rieti, Italy, he ran his best mile, 3:48.83, and beat 1,500-meter record holder Steve Ovett when most of the rest of the world's best milers had long since gone home exhausted.

"I don't race indoors," Maree said. "I do distance and strength training instead. I don't start any speed work until late April. By June, at our TAC nationals, I'm competitive, but it is still my strength that carries me. I'm not relaxed. It's usually only now, in August in Europe, that I get my real speed, that I feel comfortable, say, with running a 1.52 half and keeping going."

But the comfort, the rhythmic ease he had known in other years, refused to come. On Aug. 17, he ran a 3:50.30 mile in Berlin behind Steve Scott's 3:49.21. Six days later, he ran a 3:53.41 mile in

Maree saw 3:31.24 up on the clock, but its significance didn't register immediately.

Odo behind Oveti's 3:50.49. No progress. In each he had run as hard as he could, and it showed. His arms thrashed; his stride was reaching and clumsy. Maree at his best is none of those things.

He began to wonder whether he shouldn't just write off the season and go home. He was highly regarded by the other runners because of his past accomplishments and his example of effort, but they began to leave him out of their calculations concerning who would be factors in the last lap. He was becoming a member of the supporting cast.

There were three major meets in Europe last week, and each featured a 1,500 Maree ran in two of them. Brussels on Friday night and Cologne on Sunday. But first, on Wednesday, there was Zurich, where any talk of records swirled around the person of Scott. Scott had lost the slow, disappointingly tactical Helsinki 1,500 to Great Britain's Steve Cram, but more by kicking too late than by inadequate swiftness. Indeed, Scott had gained on Cram all the way down the stretch. Over a full, hard-paced 1,500, it seemed, things would be different.

But Scott didn't find Cram in Zurich. The evening before, in Oslo, Cram had run the year's fastest 800, a 1:43.61. Maree had seen him do it. Cram then decided he would enter the 1,500 in Brussels. However, Scott would run the 3,000 there. "I set up my schedule months ago," said Scott. "I'm not going to be reduced to chasing him. He knows where I'm racing." Setting records, then, seemed to be Scott's only chance at proving his superiority to the tall young Briton.

Rabbit Colin McClive of the U.S. towed the Zurich field through 800 in 1:55.65, but faltered abruptly, leaving Mike Bolt in front. Bolt did his best, and with 400 to go the time was 2:38. That meant a 53-second closing lap by Scott would earn him Oveti's world record of 3:31.36. But Scott stayed third behind Bolt and Spain's Jose Abascal until 250 to go, and then it was Abascal

who moved into first. Scott passed him on the last turn, and edged away down the stretch. Switzerland's Pierre Deleaze came on for second.

Scott's time was 3:32.71, the second-fastest of the year, and he confessed to nerves. "I was more tense for this than at Helsinki," he said. "I was tight. And conservative. There was pressure here because of the conscious record try."

John Walker of New Zealand was fourth in 3:34.29. The most experienced judge of these things, Walker said, "Cram ought to break the world record in Brussels. He can run from the front, and he's had terrific preparation. Scotty is equally capable, but he's not as positive right now. He needed to be more aggressive that last lap."

Two nights later, on Brussels' packed and worn track, Cram gave an object lesson in decisive running. He followed rabbit Sam Koskei of Kenya, instructing him at times in the pace, to a 1:53.20 for 800. Rather than fold, Koskei kept right on for another 200 meters.

"I'm not going to go for any record if someone doesn't do the third lap," Cram had said. Yet when Koskei went wide and abandoned him with 500 to run, Cram didn't hesitate. He set out for home. At the bell the time was 2:36.20. "I wanted 2:35," said Cram. "I thought I wasn't going to do it."

No doubts showed in his long, forceful stride, or on his eager face. He passed 1,200 in 2:49.64, and the crowd rose.

howling in anticipation. He had left a fine field 15 yards behind, evoking the 1981 Brussels mile, in which Sebastian Coe set the still-standing world record of 3:47.33. In the last 100 of Cram's race his teeth were clenched, and his head hobbled with the strain. As he crossed the line, the crowd erupted in a great groan, inappropriate for such a compelling run, but they had been watching the clock, and it had stopped at 3:31.66, a bare 30 from the record, the fourth-fastest ever, and the 1,500 of the year, so far.

"That's the problem with going for records," Cram said later. "If you build yourself up for one, and you miss, then you're disappointed, even if you've run great. Look, I just ran a PR by two seconds. I can't be unhappy with that. It's good simply to know I'm still running well. I don't believe you can stay in top form for more than a few weeks."

"Well, then," said Chris Brinker of the London Observer, who had paced Roger Bannister to the first sub-four-minute mile, "Why not attack something?"

Cram, a casual man, said, "I'd like to run in Cologne or Koblenz, but I'm being fair to myself. I don't seem driven to do everything at once."

And there were other things, important things. "I've promised to be home [in the North of England] in early September. My fiancé needs moral support. It will be her first day of teaching at Monkseaton Middle School." Thus it was clear that Britain has produced another

mile of wondrous confidence and balance. So impressive was his long, lonely drive to the finish that it had, even in the eyes of Scott partisans, legitimized Cram's Helsinki win.

Maree, by dismal contrast, had gotten poor position at the start, spent much of the race in the second lane, and finished fourth in 3:35.39, 25 yards behind. "I felt a little better than in the earlier races," he said. "They got away early, but it seemed like I ran O.K. near the finish."

So that night he began

continued



While the world listened in, Maree called Pennsylvania with the news.

to think about Cologne "I need to go out hard. I'm not one who can run the last 800 in 1:48. I need a few seconds to play with at the end. I decided that in Cologne, I would go from the beginning, whatever pace the rabbit went. I said, if I die, then I die. But I had to see what I could do running my way. All I wanted was a 3:33 or maybe a 3:32."

His best was 3:32.12, set last year "You know the mile record has always seemed a possibility to me. But I didn't think I had the speed for the 1,500 race."



Brussels fans groaned at Grant's 3:31.66

ord. "No, I thought of Cologne more as a tune-up race the way it has been for me in the past."

The early rabbit at Cologne was Bernhard Knoche, and he tore through the first 200 in around 25 seconds—suicidal pace. Half-miler David Mack of the Santa Monica Track Club assumed second, and Maree was third. Maree yelled at Knoche to slow down, but still they passed 400 in a whirling 54.63. They already had a gap on the rest of the field.

"We all thought he'd die," said Walker.

Knoche slipped aside at 600, and Mack took over. "He said, 'Come on, Sydney, hang on,'" said Maree later. As he led, Mack kept half-turning his head, keeping track of his charge. "He talked to me the whole way," said Maree. "Come on, man, all the way; you're there, man, come on. . ."

Mack hit the 800 in 1:52.80. It had not looked that fast. "Mack is so smooth, he made me feel easy," said Maree. Too, Maree had no clear idea of the pace. His mind was completely filled with the simple imperatives of staying with Mack and staying relaxed. He was not the same runner he had been in Berlin or Brussels. The featherly flow had returned.

Just before the 1,000, Mack had to turn Maree out on his own. It was just where all help had left Grant. Maree sped on, but the crowd of 55,000 didn't rise to him with resounding encouragement. He didn't look as if he needed it. "I never felt in any difficulty," Maree would say. "It was the most even pace I have ever run."

With a lap to go, the time was just under 2:35. This was where Grant had hoped to be two nights before. Maree looked back and saw no one. He still had no idea of the time. He ran the first curve of the last lap and passed 1,200 in 2:49.36.

Down the backstretch and into the final curve, he sustained that effortless stride. The crowd still seemed to be positively rewarding the esthetic beauty of it, unaware of the speed. But the athletes knew. Don Page, a teammate of Maree's in their Villanova days, ran onto the track and gestured and shouted for Maree to drop his arms and pump them as he kicked.

"When he hit 200 to go, I knew he had a world record," said Page. "His biggest asset is that he seems to love pain. But he never really tied up. Jumbo Elliott, their revered coach at Villanova, who died 2½ years ago, was probably up there going, 'Yeah, Sydney, oh, yeah, my Sydney.'"

With about 100 meters to run, Joe Douglas, coach at the Santa Monica TC, yelled the time at Maree. "Three-fifteen." Only then did Maree understand where this run had brought him.

"I knew I could make the last 100 in 16 seconds," Maree said. "Yet I never really opened up. I just said, 'I've got to run through the tape.'" In the last 20 meters, he began to struggle. "Only then did I push. Just to get done."

He crossed the line. The crowd looked at the clock. And gave forth an exhalation of stunned confusion. "I was the same way," said Maree. "I stared at the clock. It didn't register." Walker, finishing third in 3:34.55, came up behind him, grabbed his shoulders, and said, "Sydney, you've done it." Maree looked again, it hit him, and he went to his knees in thanksgiving.

The time was 3:31.24, which was .12 faster than Owen's record. "My only thought was that it had been so easy," said Maree. "It was harder to run the 3:35 the other night than this. Now I keep asking that question, why so easy?"

He jogged on the infield grass along with second-placer Deleze (3:34.22) and Walker. This was the ninth world-record race Walker has been in, counting two of his own. Walker was talking animatedly to Maree, gesturing earnestly.

Then Maree ran to a phone in the press row and called his wife, Lisa. "The record is for them," he said while waiting to be put through. "For my daughter Natalya and my wife, for Lisa. . ."

"Hello, Lisa, how are you? Guess what? A new world record. . ."

"In the 1,500 meters. Me? . . ."

"Lisa, it's afternoon there. Why are you sleeping in the afternoon? O.K., now that you're awake, I'm calling to tell you my time today—3:31.24. The record was 3:31.36. . ."

"Lisa, are you crying? I just went with the poemmaker Walker and a few others were in it. Hey, hey, Lisa, please don't cry. O.K."

It was then that Pierre Quinon of France took advantage of the no-limits atmosphere Maree had created and broke the world pole vault record by a centimeter, with 5.82 meters (19' 1"). A boyish, curly-haired charmer of 21, he had the bar put at the astronomical height of six meters (19' 8"). "Not to make it," Quinon said after he'd failed. "Just to show, to feel what it would be like."

Amid the cheers echoing for that, Walker revealed what he'd been telling Maree after the race. "I was advising him," he said, grinning. "I said to go home, to not stay and set himself up to be knocked off next week. I said enjoy it. These things don't last."

Which is exactly what Maree plans to do in a few days. "I can sleep now," he said. "I came here the hungry one. Now I am content."

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PART II

WHERE AM I? IT HAS TO BE A BAD DREAM

Your private room won't be ready for a few days, so you'll have to stay in this ward until then," a nurse said to me as an orderly rolled me into the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago.

"No sweat," I said.

My second or third day in that ward—I had lost track of time—I overheard a male voice telling someone, "And this is our ward for quads." It sounded so poetic: our ward for quads. Then it hit me: If this is a ward for quads, then I must be one of those quads. But what was a quad? I had never heard the word, at least not in a medical sense. That night I asked my nurse what a quad was.

"A quadriplegic," she said, sounding gloomy.

"Am I one of those quadriplegics?" I asked her, stumbling over the word.

"It looks that way, I'm afraid, Darryl," she said.

"What's this quadriplegic thing anyway?" I asked.

"Quads, Darryl," she said, "are people who are unable to function from neck to toes. The medical definition is more complicated than that, but eventually those are the facts. At this point, you cannot function from your neck to your toes. That might change in time, but for now

you have been medically classified as a quadriplegic."

I didn't even know how to spell the word.

Overnight, I became depressed. Suddenly I was not sure of anything. I was a quadriplegic now. Where was I going? What was I going to do? Who was I? What was I? What about my sex life? What about Tina and my boys? How was I going to be able to do any of the things that I once used to do so naturally? Would I ever take another step?

It was a shocker to hear firsthand that the doctors didn't think I'd ever walk again. And all the time I'd been imagining getting back into my Patriots uniform, No. 84, trotting onto the field to a standing ovation—and then catching a couple of touchdown passes. But now, barring a miracle, I had played my last game, and I would never walk again.

I immediately made a promise to myself: I'd make them pay. "Them" was everyone. I'd treat the rehab institute as a for-

eign and hostile place. I would do everything in my power to let the doctors, nurses and therapists know that I hated it there, and I'd make life absolutely miserable for everyone who came into contact with me. The way I saw it, no matter what you call it, an institution is a place

Facing Up To A New Life

Before Darryl Stingley could commit himself to a long and painful rehabilitation, he had to deal with the reality of his quadriplegia

by DARRYL STINGLEY with MARK MULVOY



The discovery of movement in my right hand made life in a chair tolerable.

where foreign forces try to gain control of your mind. Ain't no way they were going to control my mind. I'd show them. I'd beat them away.

After about a week in the ward for quads, I got my own private room and had private-duty nurses 24 hours a day

Just as I was settling in, a lady in a white coat walked through the door and said in a cheerful voice, "Lunch, Mr. Stingley."

"Get out of here and take that junk with you," I snapped. "I'm not eating that crap. And I'll eat when I want to eat. Aren't you supposed to bring me a menu

and let me order what I want? I wouldn't eat that stuff if you paid me."

The lady was taken aback, and she ran out of the room.

"That'll teach them," I thought. But no one ever came back that day to bring me lunch, and by dinner I was too hungry to risk another trade.

A couple of days later there was a knock on my door.

"Hello," I said.

"Mr. Stingley, can I please come in?"

"Sure," I said. Then this guy opened the door and walked into the room. He announced that he was the hospital's staff psychiatrist.

"Get the hell out of here, man," I yelled at him. "I don't need no shrink. I don't need your crap." No way was I talking to any shrink. What did I need help for? "I'll be my own shrink," I told the man. "No way I'm going to let you sit around here and pick my brain. You don't know me. You don't know the things that are pertinent to my situation."

"That's why I'm here," the psychiatrist said. "I want to find out about you, about who you are."

"I know who I am," I said. "Let me ask you the questions. You just want to ask me a lot of stupid questions so you can categorize me as being one thing or another, don't you?"

"Mr. Stingley, I've got to see you anyway," the shrink said. "and I'm going to get paid for it whether you talk to me or not."

"I don't care what you do with the time you spend with me," I said. "but I have nothing—not a damned thing—to talk to you about." And we never talked. Not once I wasn't taking any mental traps with any shrink.

Late one night a nurse thought she'd try a different game plan with me. "Darryl," she said, "you're getting to be known around here as the

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worst patient we have. It's your attitude. You've got a bad attitude, the worst a lot of us have ever come across."

I wasn't ready for that. "Listen," I said, "my attitude is bad, I know that. But I think you people should have expected my attitude to be what it's been. I think you should be trained to cope with the negative attitudes of the people undergoing all this rehabilitation. You people expect me to accept your programs with no questions asked. That's not easy for me, certainly not right away."

"Darryl," she said, "just give us a break—and give yourself a break. Things take time, and you're not giving us—or yourself—the time to make it work."

Still, my bitterness seemed unlimited. One afternoon I was taking a nap, and when I woke up there were a dozen people standing around my bed. One of my doctors was conducting a tour of the rehab's facilities, and, as he put it, "I brought these people here to see one of our star patients."

"Star patient my ass," I screamed. "Get out of here right now, all of you. I'm not a star patient. And I'm not on exhibit for anyone."

The word of my explosion got around the rehab quickly, and that night my nurse said to me, "Darryl, you're one tough cookie. If you die while you're in here, you're going straight to hell. Non-stop. You're giving everyone here a whole lot more trouble than you're worth."

The way I saw it, I was going through a "getting to know Darryl—the new Darryl" stage. People knew me not as Darryl Stingley but as Darryl Stingley, athlete. Now I had to come to grips with the fact that it would never be the same again. As a result, Darryl the athlete and Darryl the quad were in constant conflict. It was a war. I'd be up, I'd be down. I'd be down, I'd be up. I'd never be in between.

During those first few months at the rehab, I was at my worst in my daily



Dr. Sahgal's understanding helped change my attitude.

physical therapy class. The therapists made no bones about their motto: No pain, no gain. Unfortunately, I wasn't much for more pain at the time, being in enough pain—mental and physical—as it was. When they would grab me and bend me and shape me to see how much movement I had, how flexible I was, how much weight I could bear on my limbs, well, the pain became unbearable. And I let them know it, too. It sure was worse than getting hit by some big tackle on a football field.

I was working with a woman therapist, and she tried to get me to do some strenuous exercises that I hadn't tried before.

"No way I can do what you want me to do," I said to her. "I can't handle it."

"Do it, and do it right now," she said sharply.

I think she thought, "Hey, this guy's an old football player. A pro in the NFL. He's used to the tough stuff. I'm going to let it all hang out with him." So she tried to find out what I was made of. It was part of her little psychological game: She simply wanted me to do something I didn't feel I was capable of doing. So she put me onto a heavily padded mat on the floor, then rolled me onto my stomach. After that she set my elbows underneath me, in what she called the triangular shape.

"Now what I want you to do isn't

complicated at all," she said. "Just hold yourself up for as long as you can. Brace yourself up."

God, in the old days—those before Aug. 12, 1978 and a football field in Oakland—I could do dozens of push-ups on my fingertips.

"I can't do it," I cried, as my elbows collapsed under the weight. "The pain is too much."

I couldn't brace my weak, 140-pound body on my elbows, that's how bad things were. I also had developed what was later to be diagnosed as tendinitis in both shoulders, and they were tender to the touch. When I was up on my elbows the way the therapist wanted me to be, the pain in my shoulders was excruciating. I cried some more.

"Is it always going to be like this?" I said to her. "Is this the way you people are going to treat me? Will it always be so painful?"

I certainly expected some sympathy from her, but what I got was, "Darryl, you make me sick when you cry."

I was shattered. I cried some more. And some more. I was filled with rage.

"I'll show you, you bitch," I said to her. I wanted to swing at her, curse her. I couldn't swing of course, and had to settle for cursing her. "Get me out of here," I said. "Take me back to my room."

No sooner was I in my room than there was a knock on the door.

"Darryl, it's Dr. Sahgal. Can I come in, please?"

I couldn't tell Dr. Vinod Sahgal, the senior assistant medical director of the rehab institute, that he couldn't come into my room. He came over to my bed and made small talk for a minute.

"Now, Doc, I know you're not here just to ask me how I like things," I said.

"You're right, Darryl," he said. "I'll be up front with you. A lot of people are coming to me and complaining about your attitude and the way you do your work. They say you're the worst patient they've ever encountered. I want you to know that I listen to them. But I also want you to know that I've told them to

do their work and not worry about your attitude, that you'll figure things out for yourself. I like your attitude, myself. You're a fighter, Darryl, and I like that. The problem around here is that not too many of the patients are fighters. Most of them have just about given up and accepted their condition. You're still trying to beat yours, and I understand that. I like it.

"But Darryl, between you and me, you really ought to change your outlook. You've got nothing to gain if you keep on treating everyone the way you have since you arrived. You may not think so, but they're trying to help you. My advice to you, Darryl, is to get smart. Don't fight the therapists. Work hand in hand with them. You and everyone else will be a lot better off in the end."

When Dr. Sahgal left my room, I thought about what he said, about his advice, and I made a decision. From now on, Darryl Singley would look out for Darryl Singley and no one else. But while Darryl was taking care of Darryl, he'd be considerate of the people he was dealing with on a regular basis.

I told Tina what Dr. Sahgal had said, and she gave me one of her I-told-you-so looks. She'd been on my case, too, trying to get me to calm down, to change my attitude. The trick, as I saw it, would be to eliminate the negative from my mind—the bitterness, the frustration, the depressing thoughts. And I came up with a new strategy: I'd roll with the punches.

The next day the same physical therapist was on duty, and she put me through the same torture tests as the day before. I thought to myself, "This lady is still one tactless bitch," but I kept my mouth shut for a change. After a while I said to her, "Let's try that brace-up exercise you put me in yesterday."

"Why?" she said, shaking her head. "You said you can't do it, that it's too tough for you."

"That was yesterday," I said. "Let me try it again right now."

"You sure?" she said.

"Yeah, I'm sure."

She rolled me over on the mat and set me up in the triangular shape, the way she had before.

"All right," she said. "I'm going to let go, and then I'll start counting. Let's see if you can make it to five."

She let go. I felt as though I was holding up the John Hancock building—all 100 stories.

"One Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi, four." I couldn't bear the pain any longer, and my elbows gave out.

"Darryl, that's fantastic," the therapist said. "You braced yourself for almost four whole seconds."

Four whole seconds! It sounded like a world indoor record.

Back in my room that night, I guess I finally reconciled myself to the fact that I was a quadriplegic. And I vowed to beat it. Only my definition of "beat" was "accept." Really accept it. Over the previous 24 hours, and, indeed, over the previous two or three months, I had discovered that I was a lot tougher and had a lot more fortitude than I thought I had. I knew I wasn't a quitter. That had been put to the test repeatedly, and I had come out victorious. I could have quit on life; I learned later that six of 10 quadriplegics think of suicide at least once, but that

never entered my mind. There was too much to live for.

The way I figured it, my time had come early. Every football player reaches that day when his career is over and he must ask: What do I do now? I had put a lot of time, all my time, into developing my body to play games, and as a result, most of my confidence was based on my athletic ability. "Darryl," I said to myself, "the best way to look at this situation is that you've just taken early retirement as a football player and begun a whole new career."

With everything firmly settled in my mind, I was able to go about my rehabilitation with a clear head, and that made things better for everyone.

Tina came to see me every day at the rehabilitation center and often served me my meals. My mother called every day and visited once a week. My brothers, Harold and Wayne, and my sister, Andrea, came by occasionally. My father saw me every Monday and Thursday night, like clockwork. He had has

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My father would toss me wads of paper, hoping I'd suddenly move.

own funny way of announcing himself.

Like a lot of people, my father thought that someday I might make a sudden reflexive movement that would, in a sense, shock me out of my paralysis. So he'd come to my door, look in—and then throw a wad of Kleenex or toilet paper at my bed.

That done, the doctor then bandaged the area where the screws had been implanted in my scalp.

"Now I can look at myself in the mirror," I said. "And now I can see my boys."

I asked my nurse to call Tim and tell her to bring Hank and Derek to the rehab

with a baseball, but that didn't seem to bother them.

"Nice to see you again," Hank kept saying. "That's what counts."

I cried myself to sleep after they left.

Once that infernal halo was removed for good, I was introduced to a new mode of transportation: the wheelchair. The first wheelchair I had was your basic standard issue, nothing more, and I had to be pushed around by an attendant or by my nurse. I didn't like that, either, because I wanted to stop and chat with people I met. Then one day the therapists suggested I try what they called a sip-and-puff chair, which looked like any other wheelchair but had a straw that came up to mouth level. You were supposed to operate the chair with sips and puffs of air. You'd puff through the straw to make the chair go forward, sip air in to make it go backward—and blow some other way to make it turn.

I tried the sip-and-puff chair, but I looked like Darryl Stingley. No, 84, ace driver in the demolition derby. I drove that chair into walls, crashed into people and almost careened down a flight of stairs. "That's it for me," I said. "No more of this upp'n' and puff'n' I'll kill myself."

One day a therapist in my exercise class noticed that I had the slightest bit of movement in my right hand and arm. Not much, but some. Maybe a millimeter. Maybe two. That therapist immediately began to concentrate on exercising my right arm and hand and developing whatever movement he had detected. He also informed the occupational therapists that I probably had just enough dexterity with my right hand to operate a wheelchair—if, that is, they could find a way to get my hand to work a control.

And so they invented a button that allowed me to control a chair. By myself.

"Darryl, have we got a surprise for you," a therapist told me several days later. "You're going to take a trip all by yourself. You can go anywhere you want. Just don't get lost." And then a couple of therapists lifted me out of my bed and plunked me down into the jazziest wheelchair I'd ever seen.

"This has got to be the Cadillac of wheelchairs," I said.

"No, it's the QE 2," a therapist said.

It was like something from another



When the halo was removed at Thanksgiving, I asked to see my boys.

"Hi, Dad," I'd say when I'd see the missile coming at me. "I've got bad hands today. I can't catch anything."

A few days before Thanksgiving a doctor came into my room and said, "Good news today, Mr. Stingley."

"Yeah, what is it?" I said.

"The halo's coming off today."

"Hallelujah!" I said. "Hallelujah!"

One orderly took a screwdriver and, instead of twisting the screws deeper into my scalp, unscrewed them. Another orderly disconnected the apparatus that hatched the 80-pound weight to the halo

as quickly as possible. They wouldn't be scared when they saw me now. And I wouldn't be too embarrassed to see them.

We had a tearful reunion. "I love you guys," I said to them. "I'm really proud of both of you." They said the same things to me. I told them that it didn't look as though we'd ever get to throw the old football around again or play any catch

From the forthcoming book Darryl Stingley: Happy To Be Alive, by Darryl Stingley with Mark Mui-oy, to be published in October by Beaufort Books, Inc.

planet, with buttons and gadgets everywhere. It was powered by a big battery stashed underneath the seat. The seat itself could slide forward or backward. And if you dropped the back of the seat into a horizontal position, the footrest would automatically rise up to make, well, the foot of a bed.

"Darryl," a therapist said, "you can work this chair just by playing with this button right here." The button was more like a switch, positioned at the end of the little platform that formed the armrest for my right arm and hand. "See this," the therapist said, moving the button forward. My chair lurched forward about five feet.

"What're you guys trying to do, kill me?" I said.

Once the instructions were over, I was wheeled out into the lounge area and left there all alone. "See you in about an hour," the therapists said. "Have a nice trip."

As I sat there in my Cadillac, I had normal reactions for a quad—hot flashes, cold flashes, dizzy spells. I fought to keep my head up, a job in itself. I looked straight down the corridor to my room at the other end. It was probably 25 yards away, but it looked like 25 miles to me. I thought of my room as a paradise, and I had to get there. So I could get into my bed again and relax. So I could take a nap. So I could make a few phone calls. So I could have a few phone calls put through.

What did I do? I cried. I was scared. I tried to put my predicament in a football perspective. I had just caught a pass at the 25-yard line and had to get into that end zone. Trouble was, there were 11 guys in front of me who didn't want me to make it. What to do?

Slowly, painfully, oh, so painfully, I pushed the control switch on the armrest—and the chair started to move forward. I pulled my right hand back off the button—actually, it was a slow and painful retraction—and the Cadillac came to a halt. Then I slowly worked the switch back toward me, and the chair began to move in reverse. I experimented with the switch for what seemed like an eternity. If I maneuvered it to the left, the chair went left; to the right, right. I had a brand new toy.

And now that end zone—my room—

was no obstacle at all. It took me more than an hour to cover the 25 yards from the foyer to my room. The chair boiled forward, weaved to the right, jumped into reverse, made a U-turn, slammed into a wall, lurched to the left—but I kept making progress, shortening that distance to Room 604. Finally, I was there, in the end zone, and as I turned the chair ever so slowly to steer it into my room, I heard a lot of commotion behind me. I couldn't figure out what was going on or see what was happening, so I painstakingly maneuvered the chair back and forth until I was able to look back down the corridor.

What a sight! Standing there in the middle of the corridor, about halfway between my room and the lounge where I'd started in the chair, were a whole bunch of doctors, nurses and therapists, and they were clapping. For me! I was getting a standing ovation. My first ovation of any kind since I was taken off the field in Oakland on a stretcher.

"Darryl, you made it, you made it," they all shouted.

"Yep, I made it," I said. "I made it."

After that, nobody at the rehab ever pushed me around in a wheelchair. I drove myself everywhere. And I became a champ with that chair. It became a part of me, a part of my life. In many ways, it is me. I'd like to think that I could make my chair fly if I had to.

On April 7, 1979, Darryl Stingley was discharged from the Rehabilitation Institute and returned to his family's apartment on Chicago's West Side. Today, Stingley, 31, lives in a condominium in downtown Chicago that was designed expressly for him, most of the fixtures can be controlled from a panel next to his bed. He is attended daily by a nurse and by his therapist/aide-de-camp, but spends most of his nights alone. Time and his sons, Hank, now 14, and Derek, now 12, live in an apartment in another part of Chicago. **END**

I saw the corridor as a football field and my room as the end zone.



In the long-standing tradition of kicking a New York Mets fan when he's down, we offer this conjecture: Where would the cellar-dwelling Mets be if they didn't have the top reliever in the National League? The sub-basement? One of the few rays of sunlight filtering into another dank and moldy summer of baseball around Shea Stadium has been the emergence of Jesse Orosco as the best man out of the Mets' bullpen since Tug McGraw. Through Sunday, Orosco had 15 saves, an 11-5 record and a league-leading earned run average of 1.21, and was the leading candidate for Fireman of the Year honors, thanks in no small part to two of the most amazing weeks of relief pitching since acid met indigestion.

Between July 31 and Aug. 14 Orosco appeared in nine games, won five, saved four and pitched 18½ scoreless innings, earning recognition as the NL's Player of the Week two times running. In the process he beat the Pirates twice in one day, becoming the first Met pitcher since the immortal Willard Hunter (1964) to win both games of a doubleheader. In all, the 26-year-old left-hander has either won or saved 26 of the peckless Mets' 53 victories. "It's like last year with Bruce Sutter," says Mets First Baseman Keith Hernandez, who was a St. Louis teammate of Sutter's until a June trade sent him to New York. "If we get to the seventh inning tied or ahead, we've got a pretty good idea we'll win."

Orosco's most notable inning came on Aug. 7 against the Cubs. With the Mets leading 6-4 and none out in the 10th, he loaded the bases on two walks and an infield hit. He then fanned Keith Moreland and Mel Hall, the latter on three called strikes, and got Ryne Sandberg on a grounder, for the game's final out. "A year ago I would have been down after loading the bases," says Orosco. "I'm a different person today."

His transformation is due partly to the faith of former Mets Manager George Bamberger and partly to Orosco's own perseverance. The Mets acquired Orosco in December 1978 to complete a deal



Orosco has 11 wins, 15 saves and a 1.21 ERA.

Oh, what a relief he is

Imagine how bad the Mets would be minus bullpen ace Jesse Orosco

that sent veteran Pitcher Jerry Koosman to Minnesota. At the time, Orosco had exactly half a season of Class A ball behind him and was so obscure that when the Mets mentioned his name to Twins owner Calvin Griffith, Griffith asked, "Who's he?" Orosco went to the Mets' camp the next spring hoping to be promoted to Double A, but he was so impressive in six appearances, pitching 10 shutout innings, that Joe Torre, then the Mets' manager, told him, "Well, kid, you're going north this season."

"Is that toward New York?" Orosco asked.

by E.M. Swift

"That's all the way to New York," Torre replied.

It was a mistake. Orosco got hit hard and lost confidence, and Torre later vowed he would never again rush a young pitcher to the majors. Orosco spent half of '79 season, all of '80 and most of '81 in the minors, alternately starting and relieving. Finally, Bill Monbouquette, then Mets' minor league pitching coach, recommended that Orosco go to the bullpen. "He'd go three or four good innings," recalls Monbouquette, now the Mets' pitching coach, "then his arm would go flat. It was like night and day. And the thing was, Jesse knew it. He wanted to be a reliever, but he was so quiet he never told anybody."

Orosco returned to the Mets' bullpen for the last month of 1981, and when Bamberger became manager the next spring, he immediately took an interest in Orosco and taught him a slider, which Orosco now throws, according to scouts as well as Ron Guidry of the Yankees. Mostly, however, Bamberger worked on Orosco's mental attitude. "Jesse used to get a little walk-conscious," says Bamberger, who resigned as manager in June this year and is currently working for the team on special assignments. "There's an old saying in baseball: If you're going to walk somebody, walk him with your good stuff. He'd start to aim the ball, so he'd get it in there with nothing on it."

Recalls Orosco, "I didn't have too much confidence in those sharp situations, when one run will decide a game. I put a lot of pressure on myself. Every day Bamberger would have Monbouquette get me into the office, and they'd tell me, 'You've got to have fun out there.' I had a loss one night, he'd put me right back in the next night if it was close."

By mid-August of last season Orosco had only one save and a 2-8 record but a decent 2.99 ERA. "He was sitting on a fence, ready to fall either way," recalls Bamberger. Then, on Aug. 16, 1982, Jesse's father, Raymond, died of a heart at-

tack at the age of 55. Jesse left the Mets to attend the funeral in Santa Maria, Calif. Raymond Orosco Sr. had had a powerful influence on his son's life. A construction worker, he had founded and funded, pitched and played first base for a semi-pro team called the Santa Barbara Jets. "He bought the bats and balls and uniforms," says Jesse's mother, Tomasa, who kept score at the Jets' games. "I sewed on all the words." Jesse and his older brother, Raymond Jr., were both boys, while the five Orosco daughters sold sno-cones and tickets to raise money for the churches and charities the team supported. One summer a Mexican team traveled from Yuma, Ariz. to Santa Barbara for a muscular dystrophy benefit that netted about \$900, a sizable sum from fans who could ill afford it.

Jesse grew up promising his parents that someday he would pitch in the big leagues and buy them a new house. "A lot of times my husband said, 'My son is going to make it. I know he's going to make it,'" recalls Tomasa. "He used to get very excited when he saw Jesse pitch on television. The last time he saw him pitch, I think, was the Saturday before he died. At the funeral Jesse told me, 'Mom, Dad got me this far, and I'm going to work harder for him and you.' But I didn't know he was going to work this hard."

The turning point came in a game against the Cardinals last Sept. 10. The Mets had a 2-0 lead in the ninth inning and Orosco gave up a lead-off homer to Hernandez. George Hendrick was on deck, and Bamberger walked to the mound. "I thought he was going to take me out," recalls Orosco, "but he told me, 'Kid, this is your game to win or lose.' I thought, 'If he believes in you, why can't you believe in yourself?'"

Orosco retired the side, and from that point on he has been the best reliever in the National League. "He came into my office after that Cardinals game and thanked me for staying with him," Bamberger recently recalled. "He's just a helluva humble kid. And now he's got to be the top lefthanded reliever in the league; maybe in either league. He could be one of the greatest ever."

As far as Tomasa Orosco is concerned, the same holds true for Bamberger. "Jesse liked Mr. Bambi very much," she says. "I didn't see him to thank him before he left, but I would like to. Mr. Bambi did a marvelous job with my son."

INSIDE PITCH

(Through August 28)
by HERM WEISKOPF

Three pitchers who went a long way toward getting the Brewers into last year's World Series have come up almost empty this season. Don Sutton, who won four for them late in '82, hasn't won since July 14, and Pete Vuckovich (18 wins in 1982) and Rollie Fingers (29 saves and five victories last year) haven't pitched at all because of arm injuries. Milwaukee, though, has stayed in contention in the AL East race thanks to 19 wins and 10 saves by four rookies: Tom Tellmann (nine wins, eight saves), Bob Gibson (two wins, two saves), Chuck Porter (six wins) and Tom Candiotti, who in his first two big league starts beat Boston 5-1 and California 7-0.

Candiotti, 26, sat out all of last season after Dr. Frank Jobe performed surgery similar to that undergone by California's Tommy John in 1974. In Candiotti's case it was the right arm that Dr. Jobe had to

"The biggest problem I've had is that I can't figure out a way to spend my \$43-a-day meal money," says Cardinal rookie Andy Van Slyke. "No matter what I do, I can't spend it."

»

repair by implanting a tendon from his left arm and reconstructing the elbow. Like John, who's a lefthander, Candiotti relies on good control and a variety of offspeed pitches. Vuckovich's torn rotator cuff has mended, and last week he finally came off the disabled list, now he'll try to lend these four youngsters a hand down the stretch.

Further proof of pitching's importance: The Cardinals had a 4.18 ERA while dropping 12 of 14 games, then followed with seven wins in eight outings, during which their ERA was 2.22. . . . Bruce Kison, whose sciatic nerve condition weakens his right leg, has gone to the Angels' bullpen and earned three wins and two saves. . . . Reggie Jackson became the eighth Angel to miss action because of back trouble. Preceding him: Kison, Ron Jackson, Doug DeCinces, Bobby Grich, Bobby Clark, Bob Boone and Fred Lynn. At a Ranger game last week posters of

continued

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Bucky Dent labeled **BEST LITTLE SHORT-STOP IN TEXAS** were given to all women and children. One woman bought her ticket, got a poster and promptly left.

Cleveland has bona fide candidates for the American League Rookie Pitcher and Rookie Player of the Year. Neal Heaton, 23, who started the season as a reliever, is 4-0 with a 1.73 ERA in his last six starts and overall is 9-4, with seven saves and a 3.50 ERA. Julio Franco, 22, is batting .279 with eight homers, and his 72 RBIs are the most by an Indian shortstop since Woodie Held had 58 in 1962. . . . Kansas City's Amos Otis, who banged out his 2,000th hit last week, wants a contract renewal, and the team must notify him by Sept. 15 whether it will pick up his option for '84. Should the Royals pass, Otis will be a free agent. . . . San Diego decided to let Gene Richards, who no longer is a regular, pursue free agency. Richards hit .288 and .286 during the past two years but has dropped to .275 this season; he also has erred too often in the outfield. . . . Since the Pine Tar Game, George Brest of the Royals has gone 32 for 133 (.241).

Known in Houston as Omar the Out Maker because of his failure to hit against left-handers (.202 vs. .256 against right-

BALL PARK FIGURES

In response to an SI poll, big league players named the following the best two-sinker hitters:

- NATIONAL LEAGUE**
1. Bill Buckner, Cubs
 2. Pete Rose, Phillies
 3. Bill Mastack, Pirates
 4. Al Oliver, Expos
 5. Keith Hernandez, Mets
- AMERICAN LEAGUE**
1. Rod Carew, Angels
 2. George Brett, Royals
 3. Mike Hargrove, Indians
 4. Robin Yount, Brewers
 5. Cecil Cooper, Brewers

handers). Omar Moreno may need a new nickname. Bench against lefties by the Astros and then traded to the Yankees for Jerry Mumphrey on Aug. 10, Moreno promptly went 0 for 11 in the pinstripes. But in his last 12 games he has batted .395 (17 for 43) and has gotten eight extra-base hits—including his first home run in more than a year—and six consecutive hits. Plus, he is hitting .357 (10 for 28) against AL lefties.

Tips from teammate Lou Pinella, the Yankees' de facto batting coach, helped Moreno's stroke, and the team's casual clubhouse helped his head. "Here I am more relaxed," Moreno says. "The communication is good, not like in Houston." When he began the season with 13 hits in 28 at bats, Moreno seemed ready to justify the five-year, \$3.25 million contract he signed with the Astros last winter. But as his bat cooled, so did his relationship with Manager Bob Lillis. "They put too much pressure on me," Moreno says. "Even if I started the game with a hit, I felt like I had to get another hit to play nine innings." Moreno has become Omar the Hit Maker.

The Cubs hope that Charlie Fox, who replaced Lee Ellis as manager last week, will be at least as successful as three other skippers who have been hired since Opening Day.

Pat Corrales had been out of work only 13 days when the Indians hired him to replace the fired Mike Ferraro. Corrales has Cleveland playing .516 ball, .116 better than Ferraro's record. The Mets were only .348 (16-30) when George Bamberger retired on June 3 but have been .451 (37-45) under Frank Howard. And Del Crandall has the Mari-

ners playing at .393, compared to Rene Lachemann's .356 when he was dismissed on June 25.

As for Fox, who inherited a team with a 54-69 record, he got off to a good start with three victories in his first six games.

SURPRISES: Houston, which had a 35-110 all-time record in Pittsburgh, swept a doubleheader there for the first time since 1962. . . . The Angels had been shut out only three times in 211 games spanning two seasons but were blanked four times during a 10-game road trip, twice in a row by both the A's and the Brewers. . . . The Orioles were forced to use infielder Lenn Sakata in the 10th inning as a catcher, his first such appearance in his seven seasons in the majors. John Lowenstein at second, which he hadn't played since 1975; and Gary Roenneke at third, virgin major league ground for him. The Blue Jays were sure they'd be able to swipe bases against Sakata with ease but never got a chance

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JEFF LEONARD: The San Francisco outfielder batted .500 with 11 hits in 22 at bats. He had three home runs and a triple and drove in 10 runs as the Giants won five of six games from the Phils and Mets.

Barry Bonnell reached first base—and Tippy Martinez picked him off. Then Dave Collins reached first—and Martinez picked him off. And when Willie Upshaw got to first, Martinez promptly made it 3 for 3 in the same inning. Toronto did take a 4-3 lead but lost in the bottom of the 10th when Cal Ripken tied the score with a home run and Sakata hit another with two aboard.

Since Manager Tommy Lasorda dressed down the Dodgers following a 9-2 loss in Cincinnati on Aug. 10, L.A. has won 13 of 16 games, including 10 of its last 11. The staff ERA for those 11 games was 1.47. Since losing Bob Horner for the season with a broken wrist on Aug. 15, the Braves have lost seven of 12 and have been dealt four shutouts, twice as many as in their previous 118 games. As a result, Los Angeles closed a 6½-game deficit to a half game. The teams play each other six more times, with a three-game series starting Sept. 9 in Los Angeles. **END**

POWER OF A TURNER

Braves owner Ted Turner enjoys the perquisites of owning both a major league baseball team and a TV station. Wednesday's *Braves-Cards* game from St. Louis wasn't scheduled to be on Turner's WTBS in Atlanta, but about 90 minutes before game time, Turner, who was in Atlanta, decided he wanted to see his team on the tube. So he issued a command, and faster than you can say *Chief Noc-A-Homa*, an appropriately titled movie—None But the Brave, with Frank Sinatra—was kicked off the SuperStation and replaced by the *Braves-Cards* game.

About an hour before game time, Braves announcers Ernie Johnson and Pete Van Wieren, who then had thought they would be doing the game only on radio, frantically made calls around St. Louis to locate fellow broadcasters Skip Caray and John Sterling. They were unable to find Caray, who was out to dinner with his mother, but did find Sterling, who was at the hotel, and he got to the mike shortly before the first pitch.

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Professor Edward (E-Z Ed) Pinckney was holding forth on the Spanish language one day last week during his sabbatical as a forward for the U.S. basketball team at the Pan Am Games. Pinckney has studied Spanish at Villanova, and it's the *lingua franca* in his neighborhood in the Bronx. But he had picked up a curious new phrase in Caracas: *Muerece que ciao*.

"You say it when you leave someone, the way we say 'Break a leg,'" Pinckney explained. "You mean 'Take care,' but it literally means 'Drop dead.'"

The crowds at the Poliedro in Caracas seemed to be echoing that very ambivalence during the fortnight of competition. As the U.S. went 8-0 to win its eighth gold medal in nine Pan Ams, Caraqueños were by turns hostile and appreciative. Each time the Americans took the floor, they were met with hoots and

whistles. Yet when marvelous Michael Jordan would soar and swoop, scoop and score, there'd be gasps and applause. The U.S. clearly still plays the most elegant basketball in the hemisphere.

Problem was, the first few times out the Pan Am team showed no evidence of playing the smartest. Down 20-4 in its opener, unable to defense Mexico's deft screening and cutting with a man-to-man, the U.S. had to go to a zone to pull out a 74-63 victory. In their second outing, against Brazil, the Americans trailed by 10 midway through the second half. Pinckney made a steal with the score tied 69-69 and 1:04 to go, and in the final minute the U.S. used a zone again, thwarted three Brazilian shots and won 72-69. Jordan scored 19 of the team's last 27 points.

The Pan Am team—with Jordan and Sam Perkins of North Carolina, Okla-

by Alexander Wolff

In Caracas, the U.S. players were obviously not prepared—mentally, anyway—for the surprisingly strong basketball displayed by their opponents. In fact, international basketball no longer is a Yankee monopoly. Olympic Assistant Coach George Raveling, who in the last year has traveled to the world championships in Colombia, the European championships in France and the World University Games to prepare a dossier for Knight says, "It's the result of what we've done the past 15 years, going abroad, sharing our philosophy and staging clinics. Other teams aren't as sterile as they used to be. They play with imagination and use extended-court defenses. And there's the experience factor. These teams stay together for a long time." Adds Tom McGrath, associate director of ABAUSA, the American governing body: "In international play, all that matters is your top 12 people. For sheer numbers of good players, no one comes close to us. But here, how good your 13th is doesn't matter."

After the U.S. sloughed past Venezuela 78-65, U.S. Coach Jack Hartman, who has a 251-125 record in 13 seasons at Kansas State, bristled when a reporter pointed out that his team had gone three games without a blowout. "That day's over," he said, his face reddening. "People gotta learn."

"I'm amazed by the patience and the smarts of the point guards (I've played against)," said the 6'3" Wood, himself a *piforo* so deft that Hartman chose him even though he'd missed the trials because of a foot injury. "I thought international ball would be like a Chinese fire drill, 100-something to 100-something. I became adjusted real quick."

The U.S. team had to make other adjustments, including moving from the still-unfinished Pan Am athletes' compound to a downtown hotel and coping with odd events on the court. The most bizarre of these took place while the U.S. was beating Canada 111-97. By the time the officials whistled their 63rd and final foul, the following had occurred: The horn had gone off inexplicably, a basket had been disallowed for no apparent rea-

They're closing the hoop gap

The U.S. was golden in Caracas, but it wasn't blowing opponents away



homa's Wayman Tisdale, Kentucky's Jim Master, Georgia Tech's Mark Price, Cal State-Fullerton's Leon Wood and Villanova's Pinckney—is, in all likelihood, the nucleus of the club Bobby Knight will coach in the '84 Olympics. Its slow start prompted claims that the U.S. had sent second-stringers to Caracas, as it had to the World University Games in July, where the Americans lost the gold-medal game to host Canada. But the only players who could have improved this team were Chris Mullin of St. John's, who was with the club until he hurt his foot during an exhibition in Puerto Rico, and Georgetown's Pat Ewing, who was stateside taking a summer school class—in Spanish, of all things.

Tisdale was on the loose inside as his team downed Argentina 88-68.

"There is a friendship between the two teams," said Puerto Rico Coach Flor Melendez. "The problem in 1979 is in 1979. It is now 1983." In 1984, back comes Knight, with not just the Americas but the world to conquer on the court. **END**

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If Tyler scores for the 49ers as he did against them, the lens will be jumping again

It's the end zone—or bust

In need of a ground game, San Francisco sees pay dirt in Wendell Tyler

by Ralph Wiley

When the defending Super Bowl champion San Francisco 49ers finished the 1982 season 3-6 and out of the playoffs, there were charges of complacency, rumors of drug abuse and an admission of "burnout" on the part of Coach Bill Walsh. While all of the above no doubt contributed to the 49ers' collapse, the chief indictment of the team on the field was that, in keeping with recent San Francisco history, it had only 10 men on offense. Five linemen. A tight end. Two wide receivers. A quarterback. A blocking back. But no running back.

Not since the 1976 salad days of Delvin Williams have the 49ers had a back rush for 100 yards a game, something the Raiders' Marcus Allen did three times

last year as a rookie. And the wonder of the Niners' Super Bowl season was that their top rusher, Ricky Patton, gained a mere 543 yards—a bad month's work for George Rogers or Billy Sims. In fact, Patton was cut by the 49ers last year when their leading running back, Jeff Moore, gained all of 281 yards—on 31.1 yards a game.

Walsh's best clutch runner in '82 was his quarterback, Joe Montana, but all too often Montana was running for his life. His play-run fakes didn't fool anyone, he had to keep the ball himself because he didn't have a running back to hand off to. Worse still, the 49ers' offense became so predictable—opponents concentrated on Wide Receiver Dwight Clark, gang-tackled Montana and forgot about everyone else—that people no longer were calling Walsh a genius.

So Walsh pursued a runner. In a ghost-written column bylined Bill Walsh in the *Houston Chronicle* on April 11, Walsh fairly salivated at what great deeds the 49ers might accomplish with a Joe Cribbs, a Curtis Dickey, a Chuck Muncie, a Sims, a Wendell Tyler or an Earl Campbell working out of their backfield. The hometown Oilers took offense at that last mention and wrote a letter of protest to the NFL. The Niners paid \$10,000 on a tampering charge. "Houston protested," Walsh says, "but they were trying to trade Campbell to us at the same time."

All speculation ended on April 25 when Walsh gave the Los Angeles Rams a No. 2 and a No. 4 pick in the 1983 draft in exchange for Tyler, Defensive End Cody Jones and a No. 3 draft choice. To listen to Walsh, the acquisition of Tyler alone was a stroke of, well, sheer genius. "If I had my choice of any available back," he says, "or perhaps any back, period, I would have taken Wendell Tyler."

While Montana no doubt was as ecstatic as his coach about the Tyler deal,

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the happiest 49ers had to be the members of the defense. Tyler, you see, ran for five touchdowns in two games against San Francisco in 1982; on the other hand, the 49er running backs managed a total of six touchdowns in nine games.

Of course, the real question is this: Why did the Rams suddenly deem expendable a 28-year-old runner who had a 1,109-yard season in 1979, a 1,074-yard season in 1981, a 564-yard season in strike-torn 1982 (project that total over 16 games and you get 1,008 yards), had scored a total of 30 touchdowns in his last two seasons and had eight 100-plus yard

games on the books? True, the 5' 10", 205-pound Tyler fumbled a bit too often, but he had a nose for the goal line.

"When we traded Tyler," says John Robinson, the rookie coach of the Rams, "we had the chance to get Eric Dickerson in the draft, and we feel Dickerson's going to be great."

The trade came as no great surprise to Tyler, who went to UCLA and played against Robinson's 1976 USC team. "I talked with Robinson when he got the job and I knew I was gone," Tyler says. "I was a workhorse in L.A., and with Dickerson around, there wouldn't have been

No. 2 draft pick from Nebraska, got a good shot at running back in preseason. Tyler carried the ball just 26 times and gained a meager 80 yards.

"We will get use out of Tyler this season," says Walsh. "He'll get his yards, if we keep him healthy."

If A hip word After a spectacular career at UCLA, highlighted by a 173-yard rushing performance against Ohio State in the 1976 Rose Bowl, Tyler was drafted in the third round by the Rams in 1977 but spent almost all of his rookie season on the bench. In the second game of the 1978 season Tyler suffered a knee injury and spent the rest of the year on injured reserve. The following season Tyler cracked the starting lineup in the fifth game, rushed for those 1,109 yards, caught 32 passes for another 308 yards and led the Rams into the 1980 Super Bowl against the Pittsburgh Steelers.

The next summer Tyler's career reached another crisis point when he was involved in an automobile accident on a mountain slope in West Virginia. "The driver—I was in the passenger seat—just went to sleep," Tyler says. "I woke up just in time to bail up." And possibly save his life.

As it was, Tyler's hip was dislocated, and physicians said that he might never walk again. "They told me I had a 10 percent chance," he says. But Tyler recovered from those injuries and played in four games late in the 1980 season. By 1981 he was completely healthy once again and produced 1,510 yards and 17 touchdowns.

How often Tyler reaches pay dirt in '83 will depend, to a great extent, on the play of the 49ers' offensive line. In Los Angeles, Tyler ran behind a wall of Pro Bowl candidates, including Dennis Harrah, Jackie Slater and Kent Hill, guys who could bore a hole through Fort Knox. But in San Francisco he will be working with counterpunching linemen who know all the tricks of pass protection but probably can't put a hole in a screen door.

"Somebody's got to sustain a block out there," Tyler says. "Somebody's got to lift some weights."

True, but as one 49er lineman says, "Walsh has always been a passing coach, and it's hard to change what you are."

Change, though, is needed. Or, as another 49er put it, "I only know that we don't go this season unless Wendell goes."

END



With Tyler around, Clark (87) will open up Walsh's offense.



enough of the football for both of us."

The rub is, there wasn't enough of the football for Tyler during the 49ers' four-game preseason that concluded last Saturday afternoon with a 20-6 loss to the Seattle Seahawks at Candlestick Park. Walsh is one coach in the NFL who uses the preseason schedule as a time to test rookies and bring his veterans along slowly. No sense getting the vets banged around in some no-account August game.

So, while a hotshot rookie like Roger Craig, the 49ers'

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In Akron, Price put Troon far behind him.

Every now and then, proof is furnished that golf is the most curious of games. A player will come along with a name out of an old Cary Grant movie—Nick Price, for example—and with no credentials whatsoever will go out there in a big professional tournament and beat up on a group of stars whose reputations should make him hug the trunk of the nearest tree and pray for darkness. South Africa's Price did just that at the Firestone Country Club in Akron, winning the World Series of Golf on Sunday by an easy four strokes over runner-up Jack Nicklaus, and by more than that over Johnny Miller, Tom Watson, Raymond Floyd, Hale Irwin, Isoo Aoki and the rest of the field of 41. At the finish, the score-

The Price was right

Nick Price came to golf's World Series to help his game—and won

board listed a group that might have convened to discuss endorsement fees—until you got to the top. You had the feeling that if Price had had time to look that board over, he would have reached for his autograph book.

That the championship Price ran off with Sunday afternoon is in danger of losing its significance was clearly beside the point to the 26-year-old stylist from Johannesburg by way of Zimbabwe. In one week in Ohio he won \$100,000, almost four times as much as he had banked all year on the PGA Tour. Price came into the event not as a tournament winner but as the leader of the South African Order of Merit standings, a suspect honor at best. He had finished second three times on the South African tour last winter, after which he came to the U.S., where his best finish in 17 events was a tie for ninth at the Kemper Open.

What made his Firestone rounds of 66, 68, 69 and 67 even more impressive were two things: the company he kept while doing it, and, no doubt, his memories of the fainting spell he had experienced the last time he had been in the real spotlight. Golf fans may recall the only previous occasion when they had been aware of Price. It was at Troon, in Scotland, in the summer of '82, when he led the British Open by three strokes with only six holes to play, and then did what Nick Prices are expected to do. He blew the title to Tom Watson, going four over par on those last six holes. Troon regrettably lacked a windmill par 3.

But Price, a tall, sturdy, good-looking bachelor, did nothing of the sort at Firestone, despite the pairings which put him in such fast company. When he shot that 66 to lead on Thursday, he did it in the presence of Floyd and Miller. When he holed out an eight-iron for an eagle 2 at the 470-yard 9th hole on Friday, he did it with Jack Nicklaus and Bobby Clampett

by Dan Jenkins

watching. On Saturday, as Floyd and Australia's Graham Marsh tugged along, he kept playing "to the fat part of the greens"—his game plan, he said—to shoot the 69 and hold a two-stroke lead. And then on Sunday he herded the 2nd, 7th and 10th holes under the watchful eyes of Irwin and Aoki and strolled unwaveringly to his 67 and a 72-hole total of 270. There was nothing anyone could do but play for second, and Nicklaus' 65 settled that issue.

There was only one fleeting moment Sunday when Price resembled the guy back at Troon. He let his tee shot at the par-3 15th veer off into a bunker, and was faced with a long sand shot, not the easiest kind. The thought occurred to many that this could be the start of something hazy, but such thoughts disappeared when Price nearly holed the bunker shot.

"All I wanted to do was prove I could play golf without choking," Price said later. "I've thought about that British Open a lot. I don't think I choked, but I don't know what else you can call a couple of bad tee shots." Price confessed that he hadn't come to Akron to win a golf tournament. "I came to work on my game for the tournaments that remain this year," he said.

With that simple statement, Price touched on some things about the troubled World Series of Golf, an event that may or may not have a future.

Maybe our touring pros and the golfing public have just been over-Akroned and over-Firestoned through the years, but it certainly seems that each time the competitors show up for the World Series they have to dig deeper to display any enthusiasm for the event, which was designed to represent something exclusively wonderful.

"I know it's supposed to be important, but I think most of us tell ourselves that instead of feeling it," Ben Crenshaw said. "Maybe we're all a little tired by the time it comes around."

Lanny Wadkins, a former champion, came a little closer to the problem when he said, "I was happy to win it, but I've never really known what I won."

continued

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To which Tom Watson, another former champion, said, "We've tampered with the qualifying system too much. You ought to have to win something to get here."

"Here" was still Akron and still Firestone, whose water tower has been on television more times than Mary Tyler Moore. And once again the championship didn't signify the end of anything on the tour. The World Series is supposed to represent the statistical and emotional end of the season, but it doesn't do any such thing, because the pros keep on playing those Pensacola Opens right up to Christmas. There are eight more tournaments in 1983.

Tour Commissioner Deane Beman hoped that the World Series would

"If I didn't acknowledge that we have a problem, you'd want to put me away," Beman said in Akron. "Our original plan was to make it very select, make it the biggest purse, and conclude the season with it. We can still do that, and we're going to work on it."

The pity is that the tournaments at Akron have all been fascinating, if not downright thrilling, though played more or less in secrecy. Many of the game's marquee names have done their part to keep it from looking like a rerun. Last year Craig Stadler nipped Floyd in a sudden-death playoff. Competitively, at least, the World Series hasn't exactly been a Sammy Davis, Jr.-Danny Thomas Condo Classic.

But so what? The tournament still

down the 1st fairway and later offered a few national anthems that sounded like the music piped into Oriental restaurants. Strange flags were raised, momentarily giving the crowd a feeling that Akron had undergone a coup.

The image of the World Series was not enhanced when Masters winner Seve Ballesteros, along with Great Britain's Nick Faldo and Sandy Lyle, chose to skip it in favor of action on the European tour. A World Series of Golf without Ballesteros? That's like a Taiwan Open without Hsieh Yu-Shu.

Crowds were sparse at Firestone, and one CBS executive was already complaining that the telecast was going to cost the network about \$300,000 because the commercial spots sold for less than expected. With one thing and another, the series seemed to generate about as much excitement as the Akron Beacon Journal's Great Vegetable Cook-Off, in which Green Beans Supreme went up against Milk and Honey Carrots.

When last seen, Beman was bent into the Ohio humidity, a man determined to "fix" the event. Assuming he wasn't going to suggest a new format in which the golfers played through the streets of downtown Akron, twice circling the Quaker Oats Hilton and the United Rubber, Cork, Linoleum and Plastic Workers building, Beman's serious options appeared to be as follows:

- Give this thing a golf name instead of a baseball name—the International Tournament of Champions, let's say, or The Winner's World.
- Make a player win something or other to qualify—even a Scandinavian Open—instead of coming in off a money list or out of an order of merit.

• Up the purse to \$1 million and give the winner \$200,000, at least more than any other event, and more than he could earn in two dozen corporate outings.

• Move the championship to some exotic locale where the competition could turn up in prime time on American television as the genuine grand final event of the calendar year. This would have the advantage of a course where the water tower over the clubhouse wouldn't look as if it were seeking a dogfight with the Good-year blimp—again.

END



High school bands on the fairway are something, but in the case of the series, not enough.

"transcend the major championships," and he's labored hard to make the event special. First prize is worth \$100,000, and the winner receives a 10-year exemption on the tour. But fat purses have become almost commonplace—the Tournament Players Championship in Ponte Vedra, Fla., a Beman extravaganza that has succeeded, paid Hal Sutton \$126,000 last March, and Sutton took home \$100,000 for winning the PGA earlier this month. A new event scheduled for Las Vegas in two weeks will weigh the winner down with \$135,000.

comes across like the old four-man World Series of Golf exhibition, which lasted 14 years, and reminds TV fans of the old CBS Golf Classic, which, four months a year, from '67 through '74, also filled your screens with the Firestone water tower. Maybe people think this is still the American Golf Classic, played at Firestone off and on from 1961 through 1976.

The '83 World Series unfolded with what does set it off from other tournaments—its usual hilarious opening ceremony. A high school band marched

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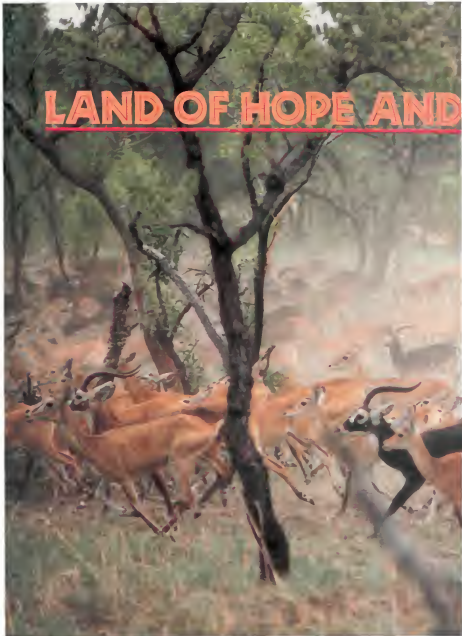
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LAND OF HOPE AND



TRAVAIL

Heroic efforts to create one of Africa's newest game parks, Boma in Sudan, a land replete with kob and zebras (below), are beset by hellish difficulties

BY ROBERT F. JONES AND HARRIET HEYMAN



The general aspect of the Sudan is that of misery; nor is there a single feature of attraction to recompense a European for the drawbacks of pestiferous climate and brutal associations.

So wrote Sir Samuel White Baker in 1862 during an epic journey up the Nile that culminated in his discovery of Lake Albert, one of the great river's sources. Despite his Pecksniffian pronouncement, Baker—a red-blooded Victorian adventurer—loved every minute of his trek, furtive midnight spear raids on his party, fevers, flood, drought and

famine; brain-cooking sunstroke and malarial mosquitoes dense enough to choke a camel; betrayal by his Arab guides and matchless loyalty from the blacks he freed from slavery, assaults by every dangerous form of wildlife from elephants to tsetse flies.

Today, 121 years later, most of the same conditions still apply in Sudan, which is Africa's largest country. Outright slavery is finished and automatic rifles are used as well as spears, but banditry, disease, murderous extremes of weather, betrayal, loyalty and a remarkable abundance of wildlife remain. Thanks to the last there is at least one "feature of attraction" new to Sudan that can make the braving of those hazards

well worth the effort of reaching it: a minor miracle of late 20th-century wildlife preservation culled Boma National Park. But because of Sudan's long history of endemic violence, tribal and racial hatreds and political instability that would shiver even Africa's geopolitical Richter scale—those "brutal associations" Baker condemned—that miracle may soon be only a hittersweet memory.

Tucked away between the lush Ethiopian highlands and the sun-scorched savannas of the White Nile, Boma is one of black Africa's newest and least likely national parks. Comprising 8,000 square miles, it is a "land that time forgot," as big as Massachusetts and larger even than Tanzania's famed Serengeti game



park. One of the pioneers of Serengeti was Bernhard Gitzmek, longtime director of West Germany's Frankfurt Zoological Society who also helped conceive Boma. Boma is being built under the supervision of an American named Phil Snyder, who has been working in East Africa's national parks for 13 years.

Snyder's credentials for the job were earned in the field. Which means, in this case, dealing not only with a harsh climate in an unforgiving landscape, but also with extremely limited access, virtually no raw materials at hand, a myriad of feuding indigenous tribes that surround the park and the constant threat of outsiders moving destructively through areas he has carefully planned and con-

structed. As if that were not enough, there is the simple physical danger of being the wrong person in the wrong place when rebels decide to vent their anger, as happened in June to two of the park employees and a group of Christian missionaries.

Snyder happened to be away on a short trip when the rebels came through, and eventually the hostages they took were released essentially unharmed, but the park was not so lucky. Almost everything was destroyed, and Snyder returned to find all of the vehicles demolished and the park's store of supplies and spare parts gone. The damage was devastating, physically and psychologically, to the people who have been working so



Chir was a playful pet for park warden Snyder.



single-mindedly on the project. But Snyder has redoubled his efforts on the park's behalf and is starting over.

And indeed, Boma, a spectacular and special place, is worth the effort. Animal herds are generally much larger than those found in East Africa's poacher-ravaged parks and reserves. Reedbuck, small antelope that are rarely found in groups of more than three or four, have been seen around Boma in concentrations up to 4,000 strong as they migrate in late May through the thorny, flat-topped acacia woodlands. Eland, the largest antelope in Africa (weighing up to 1,500 pounds), have been seen in groups of 500 to 1,000—big, hulking, gray boulders of meat, their heavy dewlaps swaying as they run. Giraffes congregate in groups of 200 at times, and gawky red-legged ostriches gallop the plains in flocks of 100. Beisa oryx, thought by some to be the progenitors of the unicorn myth, abound along the desert edges of the park, while their saber-horned, horse-like cousins, the roan antelope—at 600 pounds the largest antelope in Africa after the eland and greater kudu—occupy the parklike, light-

(continued)

In March the Maasik stormed the park and began the hunt with their traditional fire ceremony.



This Dinka warrior was a receptionist at the park.

ly wooded areas and broken country nearer to water, sometimes in groups of 70 to 100 animals. Breed-striped Burchell's zebras gallop the grasslands while big black herds of Cape buffalo, fly-swarmed and mud-caked, feed and grunt and wallow in Lidiac's fearlessness along rivers flowing from the 3,000-foot-

high Boma Plateau—the Kurin, draining southwest toward nearby Uganda, and the Oboto and Akobo, which empty into the drimal but life-sustaining Gwom swamps on the park's northern border.

Lesser kudu, Grant's and Mongalla gazelles, oribi and tiny jackrabbit-sized dik-diks, the ungainly Lelwel hartebeest plus all the great African cats—lion, leopard and cheetah—fill out the mammalian register. The extensive wetlands and riverine forests are filled with hundreds of bird species: giant hartebeests and lappet-faced vultures, genalike sunbirds and bee-eaters, rollers, trogons, weavers, bulbuls and bishlars, whydahs and waxbills. The list probably runs to nearly 500 varieties, comprising millions of individuals. Millions more migrate from Europe to visit the wetlands in winter.

But southern Sudan's main attraction is the mixed herd of close to a million white-eared kob and 600,000 tanga that swarm the south during the wet season in numbers rivaling Serengeti's annual horizon-to-horizon wildebeest migration.

The tanga (*Damaeus korrigum tanga*) is a close relative of the true hartebeest (*Alcelaphus* sp.) and has the same goofy look about it, the eyes set wide and

high on a long-nosed face, the horns crumpled as if they'd hit a stone wall at a tender age, the shoulders noticeably higher than the rump, giving the whole animal the look of something slapped together out of spare parts. Yet the tanga and its co-species, the topi and korrigum, are the most numerous of any African antelope species, ranging clear across the continent from Senegal in the west to Somalia on the Indian Ocean. The tanga itself is found only in Sudan, southwest Ethiopia and around Lake Albert on the Central African plateau. Highly gregarious, they may congregate in herds of several thousand. Pure grazers with a taste for the medium-high, rather coarse grasses, they eat no shrubbery and seem to thrive on dry grasses snubbed by other antelope. They run—sometimes with a crazed bounding gait known as "pronking" or "stotting"—very, very fast, especially when being chased by lions, who find them delectable.

The white-eared kob (*Kobus kob leucotis*) is smaller than the tanga—150 to 200 pounds vs. 200 to 300—and far more gracefully built. It resembles the ubiquitous impala. The white-eared's closest relatives are the Ugandan or Thomas' kob that range west and south from the Sudan's Bahr-el-Ghazal (Arabic for River of the Antelopes, appropriately enough), a branch of the Nile down to Mount Elgon in western Kenya, and the western or Buffon's kob of West and Central Africa. All three wear different colors, from fox-red to buff to almost black. The white-eared females and young bucks are a yellowish-tan, but as the males mature they darken into a seal-brown or near black color, set off by distinctive white eye rings, white throats and totally white ears, thus the racial name *leucotis*.

Most of the year they are found in loosely packed bands of from 20 or 40 up to 100, but during the dry season in Boma—from the end of November to the beginning of April—they are seen in herds of thousands.

The amazing thing at Boma is not so much the abundance of animals but the fact that, in light of Sudan's history, there are any at all. War and wildlife don't mix, and few African nations have been more savaged by war than Sudan. With nearly a million square miles of territory, ranging from fierce desert in the north (the



The gregarious tanga, 600,000 strong in southern Sudan's wet season, thrives on Boma's grasses.

continued



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BOMA

continued

Nubian as well as a lobe of the Lihyon Saharal to grasslands, acacia woods and 10,000-foot mountains in the south. Sudan is rich not only in diversity but in that precious commodity in sub-Saharan Africa: water. The White Nile—running 3,485 miles from its principal source in Lake Victoria to Alexandria and Port Said on the Mediterranean—flows through the middle of Sudan, and the shorter but alluvially richer Blue Nile feeds into it at the capital city of Khartoum in the north. With all that water, the country is a potential breadbasket for black Africa and the Arab world as well.

Yet the country is sharply split. The north is Arab and Muslim, the south Nilotic black and largely animist (what used to be called pagans) in belief. Until the mid- to late 19th century, Abyssinian and Arab slavers and ivory hunters raided and traded at will throughout the south, the White Nile providing a convenient avenue for bringing their goods to market (the other major slave route ran through what is now Kenya and Tanzania to the island of Zanzibar).

Five years after his discovery of Lake Albert, Baker returned to the Sudan under the aegis of the Khedive of Egypt to put an end to the slave trade. Almost continuous war for 15 years largely eliminated it, but on Jan. 26, 1885, Baker's successor, the eccentric Major General Charles George (Chinese) Gordon, after a tenacious defense of Khartoum, was killed in an Arab uprising led by one of those irredentist mystical Muslim priest/warriors Islam keeps hurling in the face of the rational West. The Expected Mahdi, as he styled himself, was a precursor of today's Ayatullah Khomeini, with shades of Muammar Gaddafi thrown in for bloody good measure.

It was not until 1898 that a joint Anglo-Egyptian force led by General Horatio Herbert (later Lord) Kitchener—and including a young cavalry subaltern named Winston Churchill—overthrew the Mahdists and, a year later, established the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium over the region. The political division between pro- and anti-Mahdists continues to this day. Under the condominium, British civil servants imposed something of a European order on what had previously been catch-as-catch-can chaos. Southern Sudan abutted on British East Africa, and today the south looks as

much toward Kenya as to the Arab north for both goods and guidance.

But for all the best of British intentions, the Sudan continued to seethe with unrest. In 1955 a misguided resettlement scheme imposed on the southern Azande people triggered a revolt that quickly grew to civil war. A year later the Sudan proclaimed its independence (the "the" is now usually dropped) and the north-south split intensified further. Southern rebels calling themselves the Anya Nya (thought to mean scorpion) wanted to separate from the north and establish an independent country allied with black Africa. The war raged and smoldered for 17 years, through continuous changes of government in Khartoum, by both election and coup. Sudan's population is 19.6 million, and even conservative estimates admit to at least 500,000 deaths in the civil war—2.5% of the country's total population. Sudanese pilots in MiG fighters from the north strafed and bombed indiscriminately. Anya Nya terrorists cut throats (and worse) in retaliation against northern sympathizers. Then in 1972, Major General Gaafar M. Nimeiri, in the third year of the presidency he had taken by force, granted the south limited autonomy, and a fragile peace descended. But Nimeiri has had to weather a mutiny or coup attempt almost every year since he came to power in 1969, and recently a rebel group calling itself Anya Nya II began raiding and killing in the south.

Needless to say, all that civil strife has left the country in sorry shape. In the entire south Sudan, there are only 10 miles of paved road. Where electrical power is available outages are the rule rather than the exception: there are perennial fuel shortages despite large oil reserves that have been found in the south recently. From Acholi to Zande, 115 languages are spoken in Sudan, and the country contains 56 distinct ethnic groups comprising 597 subgroups—nearly all of them occasionally hostile. With food always in short supply and firearms abundant, wildlife in some populated regions has been devastated. Even those Sudanese without guns know how to hunt with spears or rig a wire snare to kill antelope.

African troops, whether government or rebel, are notorious assassins of wildlife. Truck convoys rampaging through game country chatter with the blast of

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BOMA

continued

automatic weapons whenever a herd appears on the roadside. Uganda's national parks and game department were once the pride of British East Africa. The elephant herd at Murchison Falls National Park near Lake Albert was the largest and healthiest in all Africa. Today, after eight years of Idi Amin and four of Tanzanian army occupation, the herd is, in the Swahili phrase, *nakusha kabisa* (completely finished). Thousands of Amin's troops retreated to south Sudan after the Tanzanian invasion in 1979, slaughtering their own country's game willy-nilly en route, spreading firearms throughout southern Sudan, and so extending the butchery. Yet somehow Boma was spared.

The area has always been off the beaten path. A century ago Arab slavers passed through, and there are supposedly rusting shackles somewhere up on Katharung Mountain where the coffles were chained. Not until the turn of the century did European hunters find the area. "I

potted elephants until I was tired and got all the ivory I could carry," wrote Major Henry Darley, who visited the region for sport in 1907. But the Boma is fly country—the wicked, cross-winged tsetse whose trypanosomes kill cattle, horses and sometimes humans as well. "My donkeys died, and my mules died, and my men and I would have died, too," lamented Darley, "but for [mosquito nets]." Darley should not have been surprised. 35 years earlier Baker's livestock fell to the fly just southwest of Boma, as he mournfully reported in his journals.

In addition to sleeping sickness, as the narcolepsy caused by trypanosomiasis is more popularly called, south Sudan can boast an array of tropical diseases that makes even Southeast Asia seem as wholesome as a Swiss sanatorium. In addition to such routine killers as pneumonia and tuberculosis, there are amoebic dysentery, bilharzia, gardiasis, hookworm, kala azar (Hindi for "black disease," for the color its victims turn), lep-

toxy, meningitis, onchocerciasis (blinding worm), relapsing fever, typhoid and yaws. Now and then cholera sweeps through, but it does that everywhere in tropical Africa.

All these ghastly germs, of course, constitute a fearful gauntlet for any hunter, or poacher, heading into Boma. The new park's personnel have had to contend with malaria, septicemia, both vacillary and amoebic dysentery, anthrax (which killed four people there recently), bilharzia and Guinea worm, a parasite that snakes its 18-inch-length along just under the skin of human legs. There is also the tsetse fly, but the fly helps, too. It keeps out cattle, which, along with wire nooses and firearms, are death on wildlife, since cattle compete for grazing.

More than 20 years ago, Dr. Richard Faust, now vice-president of the Frankfurt Zoological Society, had ebbed through the area in a Volkswagen microbus and found the kob and tungs in their tens of thousands. Sudanese game offi-



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cials feared that the vast herds of Boma had been wiped out by the civil war, the very end of which was a subtlety lost on the eternally warring tribesmen of the Boma country. In 1977 the Sudanese game department asked the society to check out the area and Faust hired Peter McClinton, a veteran game warden from the Northern Frontier District in Kenya, abutting Sudan, to conduct a wildlife survey in Boma. McClinton's safari showed the country to be "stiff with game," just as Faust remembered it, but the Kenyan could only guess at the total numbers. He drew lines on a map around 8,000 square miles of country that he estimated to be the kob's full migratory range. He was off by more than 5,000 square miles, as it proved, missing the wet-season areas that may eventually be included within the park boundaries.

Meanwhile, Sudanese officials were visiting Boma to meet with the local chiefs, pitching them on the advantages of a national park in the neighborhood: It

would bring law and jobs to Boma for the first time in the region's history. "We had to have the support of the people living nearby," says Charles Acire, assistant director for wildlife management in southern Sudan. "We have to respect their cultural traditions."

The tribes of Boma, a polyglot lot, are the hunting-and-gathering Kichepo; the agricultural Anuak, who live along the rivers; the warlike Toposa and their Jiye relatives, who are seminomadic pastoralists; and the predominant Murle. The Murle are also a cattle people, but where the tsetse fly abounds cattle do not thrive, and the Boma Murle grow durra (sorghum), cassava, millet and maize—quite a comedown, in African terms, for a proud pastoral people—and have adapted to hunting for meat protein. Each year during the seasonal migration, the Murle stage a communal hunt, armed with spears, bows and whatever firearms they can muster. The kob are killed as they gallop through a gauntlet of hunters or

while moving across rivers. This tradition, of course, presented a major problem to the game park planners.

"We've set aside areas where they can hunt outside the park," Acire continues. "And for now, until there's a better solution, we still allow a controlled amount of grazing and watering of cattle within the park." Where this has been tried elsewhere in Africa the "better solution" rarely arrives. All of which makes for very bad blood indeed in countries torn by tribalism.

Regardless of the potential problems, Sudan and the Frankfurt Zoological Society forged ahead, the Germans laying out four million deutsche marks (more than \$1.5 million) and the Sudanese government providing staff to develop the park. McClinton had set up a tented base camp in the park's proposed core area while he was conducting his survey, but otherwise the country was raw, roadless, totally wild. Somebody had to go in there and make a park.

continued

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BOMA

continued

"We needed a man who could stay in the bush," said Faust, "who could build a base camp and a national park from nothing. He had to be an excellent pilot and not too old. He had to be healthy—Boma's rather difficult, you know." Faust found his man in Snyder, 39, a long-haired, mustachioed American who had finally settled down on the steep, icy slopes of Mount Kenya 10 years earlier and had developed into a crack mountaineer, aviator and game warden.

via Africa. He got as far as Kenya and forgot about the South Seas. A keen mountaineer, Snyder created what was to become a world-renowned rescue team on 17,058-foot Mount Kenya, an area where climbers are often beset by altitude sickness.

Then in 1972 Snyder was appointed warden of Mount Kenya National Park, a 227-square-mile sprawl of up-and-down terrain that, with its sharply contrasting mix of habitats and impinging human

the new park's base camp can make even the most routine flying missions hair-raising.

At first Snyder hesitated at Faust's offer. "I already had paradise on Mount Kenya," he says. "But I couldn't overlook the most fantastic challenge I could ever have in my life."

Challenge, indeed. Southern Sudan suffers from an economic narcolepsy as stupefying as anything injected by the tsetse fly. Everything from kitchen



To gather information on the range of the animal migrations within the park area, Snyder takes to the air to observe herd movements. Here, a five-circled kob.

Born in Montpelier, Ohio, Snyder never dreamed he would end up one day amid the whooping hyenas and galloping herds of southern Sudan. He went to law school for two years in Minnesota, was married and divorced (he has an 18-year-old son), served as a legislative research aide for the Minnesota legislature. He climbed in the California Sierras and crewed on yachts off Baja—a typical, uncommitted young American of the '60s. Then in 1970 he set off for Papua, New Guinea, traveling the long way around

populations, presented many of the same problems inherent in Boma. Saving wild-life as well as lost or altitude-sick mountaineers, he learned to fly a game department Super Cub with the agility of a raptor, climbing, banking, diving like a harrier hawk as he tried to "read" and anticipate the mountain's constantly changing wind patterns. Again it was good preparation for Boma, where treacherous "mountain waves"—air turbulence resulting from wind curling over mountains—behind the plateau above

matches to giant earthmovers had to be unimported to Boma from the outside. For eight months of the year, from late April to early December, the Indian Ocean monsoon swirls over Boma, dumping nearly five feet of rain on the high country and turning the "black cotton" soil into a greasy, seemingly bottomless quagmire. During the other four months, the land bakes rock-hard, the elephants grasses wither to tinder and, in a time-honored tradition among African hunters and drovers, the tribesmen burn it at

every opportunity. Burning encourages the growth of new grass, which feeds both cattle and wildlife, and over the centuries the trees—mainly acacia and Combretum (a genus of climbing or trailing shrubs that includes the leadwood tree, whose trunks, even dead, seem never to decay)—have adapted to the practice.

But the fires make flying doubly hazardous. The smoke from hundreds of square miles of burning grasslands swirls up and mixes with the haboob, the hot, sand-laden wind of northeast Africa that has been the bane of travelers for eons. Samuel Baker was appalled by his first taste of the haboob: "I saw, approaching from the S.W. apparently, a solid range of immense brown mountains, high in the air. So rapid was the approach of this extraordinary phenomenon, that in a few minutes we were in actual pitchy darkness. . . . We tried to distinguish our hands placed close before our eyes—not even an outline could be seen."

Until recently, when Snyder rugged a rain-collection system, water had to be trucked into camp from a water hole shared with the game some 25 miles away. That water, scummy and dark green with algae and antelope droppings, must be boiled, strained into jerricans and treated with alum before it is potable. Just getting the park's trucks to the camp required a safari worthy of a mechanized Livingstone. Last December at Kenya's main seaport of Mombasa, a freighter off-loaded a 100-ton cargo including two ex-German army road graders, a four-axle leviathan (called anomalously by its trade name, Fium), which is used to carry other vehicles, a 16-wheel trailer and extensive supplies and spare parts. Leaving the two road graders behind for another shipment, Faust, Conrad Aveling, a British wildlife biologist, and Alois Pschardt, a German mechanic, headed into the "back of beyond."

It was Christmas, and the first Boma Olympics—organized by a 36-year-old Presbyterian missionary from Kansas, John Haspels—was in full swing: foot-races on the dusty airstrip, hectic games of chiefs-catch-the-chicken and, for the women, 100-meter dashes with bottles on their heads.

In January Aveling and Pschardt returned to Mombasa to get the two graders. Braving dust storms, 100° tempera-

tures, severe diesel fuel shortages and the manual driving styles of Kenyan truck and bus drivers, they moved at 15 mph up through the sweltering Rift Valley and into Turkana land on into Sudan. When they reached Boma in March, they were greeted by naked Toposa hunters, each carrying a sheaf of spears in one hand and the traditional one-legged stool in the other. At the beginning of the journey, the English biologist could speak no German, the mechanic no English. "By the time we got there," said Aveling, "we were fluent—in one another's cusswords."

When the equipment arrived, Snyder and his assistant, 23-year-old Tim Tear of Acton, Mass., could get to work on one of their primary jobs: laying out a network of roads and airstrips through the park. Simultaneously, Snyder had had to develop a core area around the headquarters, establish an administrative system amenable to the tribes, hire game scouts from among the local tribesmen and set up outposts on park boundaries where the scouts, he hoped, would keep a sharp eye out for professional poachers and provide assistance to visitors. "Even if they're only grass huts with radios, that'll be good enough for a start," Snyder said. "This isn't Yosemite, after all."

Almost from the moment he first landed on the overgrown airstrip left over from World War II, when the British built forts on the Boma escarpment to forestall an invasion from Italian-held Ethiopia to the east, Snyder ran into "human-relations problems." A native he had hired as an assistant mechanic was found dead one night, stabbed through the heart. Two men were arrested. "I think he was killed because the others were jealous of his status," Aveling said.

Another employee, who had beaten another park worker and was locked in the corrugated iron hut that serves as the park's main office, narrowly escaped with his life when his arate co-workers thrust their spears through the hut's walls, hoping to skewer him. They tried to chop off the door with an ax.

During his first two months at Boma, Snyder paid the locals in foodstuffs and salt—a traditional medium of exchange in Africa's remote interior. It could be traded at the nearest towns, Pibor Post, 115 miles to the northwest, and Kapoceta, 80 miles to the southwest, for bullets,

continued

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BOMA

continued

cooking oil, machete-like pangas or the razor blades tribesmen use to carve the elaborate cicatrices that adorn their bodies.

When he first came to the park in September of 1981 he flew all around the territory—it was the height of the wet season. He didn't see kob, or very much of anything. For months Boma looked empty. Then suddenly the park was teeming. But in June 1982 the animals "disappeared." "It was crazy," he says, "but a million and a half animals had simply vanished." Last year Snyder, Tear and John Fryxell, a research fellow with the New York Zoological Society, solved the mystery while doing an aerial survey. They discovered the herds' wet-season grazing area, the grasslands beyond the park boundary along the seasonal Kadepo flood plain to the southwest. Snyder and Sudanese game officials are now trying to add this critical part of the migratory range to the park. If it goes through, Boma will greatly increase in size, to between 12,000 and 15,000 square miles. It is when the kob return to the park in October and November that the trouble starts.

Last year, as in countless years past, the Murle were waiting with their spears honed to razor sharpness when the animals came through. One day late in the dry season, Snyder and Tear found themselves surrounded by hundreds of warriors wearing decorative paint, chanting war cries and rattling their fistfuls of spears. Some had guns. The Murle had earlier agreed on alternative hunting areas outside the park, but hunts there had been unsuccessful. In protest the Murle stormed the camp to let the park staff know that they meant business. They were going to hunt in the park anyway—it was not only traditional, it was to get their year's supply of meat. Showdown time.

"We radioed to Juba for advice," says Snyder. Juba, 330 miles to the west, was at the time southern Sudan's administrative capital, a run-down, somnolent town built across the White Nile from the old slaving center of Gondokoro. "But they couldn't do anything. They said, 'Don't provoke them.' We weren't about to. We

just stayed put and guarded the place."

The hunt began. "Incredible excitement," Snyder recalls. "The air was electric. Everybody was charged up—hunters, women, children. The animals were in a frenzy. The hunters ran in two ways alongside the animals. Over several days they killed a couple of dozen tians, zebras, hartebeests. There were a few injuries, guys accidentally spearing each other and getting kicked by zebras."

Ultimately they reached a compromise. "They have to hunt," Snyder says, "and so do we. We all need meat when the rains are late and there are no crops. We've told the Murle, 'Look, you can

up. There's a subchief who wants to be chief, and he's using the park as a political issue. He incited the hunt."

It's hard for tribesmen to comprehend the seemingly arbitrary rules of the wildlife authorities, especially when they see Snyder himself killing game to feed his park staff and their families. One morning Snyder put his Winchester .264 into the park van and set off with Tear for the buffer zone adjacent to the park. Kob were everywhere, a great brown and black blanket of meat on the hoof. A few showers, prelude to the long inundation to come, had given the grass a vibrant green flush and drawn the antelope to the core area. There were zebras and hartebeests, too. Snyder shot half a dozen male kob. The herd did not stampede, they ran a way, then returned to grazing. When herded up in masses they do not fear or flee gunfire.

The excited laborers in a lorry following Snyder's van leaped off and hauled the kob onto the truck. Snyder, too, was excited, but for different reasons. "You can't imagine what the meat means here," he said. "These guys have been complaining, 'We're hungry. Our families are hungry. We want to go to Kapoeta.' Yesterday they got paid. Today they got meat. Morale is great."

Back at camp the kob were hung and gutted. There would be kob-burgers for lunch and supper that day. Snyder threw the innards to his year-old pet leopard, Chui. A young female, Chui (her name

means "leopard" in Swahili) had been caught by locals who planned to raise her for her pelt. They quickly realized how much Chui could eat and sold her to the Haspels family for \$11. After Chui nearly ate the Haspels' dog, they turned her over to Snyder. Chui usually was tied on a long lead under a tree in the compound, where she waited on a conveniently low branch for careless humans to wander by, then—pounce! Though she weighed only 70 pounds (a full-grown leopard may weigh as much as 180) her claws were sharp and her instincts wildly intact. Snyder and Tear roughhoused with her as if she were a friendly St. Bernard. Their skin and clothing showed the scars of her affection. Chui's presence in camp



Held hostage by rebels, Avelang was released unharmed.

hunt in certain areas outside the park. And they say, 'That's Kichopo country—they'll kill us.' And we say, 'O K., you can bring in, say, three rifles and stay in this area four days and take six animals.' We send a game scout along to be sure they don't take more. But it's a real delicate balance between letting people hunt or graze or water their cattle, to be humane on the one hand, and to compromise the integrity of the park on the other."

Fortunately, the Murle chief is on Snyder's side. "He understands that with the park comes work and money, roads and schools and clinics," says Snyder. "But the best hunting areas are in the park, and the Murle don't want to give them

made for careful walks at night to the loo tent—the lavatory.

Snyder and Tear lived on a hilltop in a screened hut—complete with a Sony Walkman, a supply of Eric Clapton tapes and a Landsat photo of the Boma wilderness. There was also a sleeping tent, a thatched kitchen shack, the outhouse, and an open-air shower—a canvas water bag lashed to a branch over a flagstone floor, with a breathtaking view of males upon miles of Sudanese scenery to enjoy while washing.

Snyder is building a house on a cliff-side in another corner of the park. An avid hang-glider, he spends his time off from Boma in the Ngong Hills near Nairobi, flying his kite. He likes to think that once the cliff house is finished and things settle down, he will unroll his glider and soar above the Boma herds. In her book *Out of Africa*, Isak Dinesen wrote, "The wind runs straight against the Ngong Hills, and the slopes of the hills would be the ideal place for setting up a glider that would be lifted upward by the currents, over the mountaintop." Snyder has proved her correct. Visiting one site in the south end of the park, he clambered up a cliff and admired the view. "Look at us," he said. "We're nowhere!" Describing a wide arc with his hand, he pointed out the wet-season lands he wants to include in the park. Buffalo, oryx, eland, rean, trangs. Grant's gazelles and ostriches wandered the prehistoric landscape below, and stretched across the southern horizon was the ancient Precambrian spine of Kenya's Northern Frontier District, a place as desolate and devoid of humans as Boma. The savanna was gold in the westering sun.

The new park has had only 30 visitors since its official opening in 1979. All of them were hardy adventurers in four-wheel-drive vehicles, carrying their own food, gas, medicines, water and spare parts. All told, the year-round human population of the Boma Plateau is about 6,000, Snyder estimates, most of them tribesmen. Haspek lives with his wife and three children in the cool tropical forest on the Boma Plateau overlooking the park. After the meat-getting koh hunt, Snyder drove up to the Haspek's camp to exchange a haunch of koh for a load of bananas and mangoes.

Somehow, though—and Snyder, with his long experience of Africa's capacity

continued

Stolichnaya

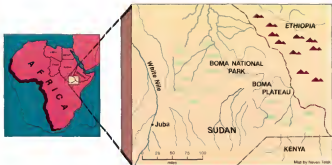
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BOMA

continued



Even now, the park area in south Sudan remains difficult to reach, which may explain why the animals prosper.

for instant disruption, must have sensed it—everything was going too smoothly. Sooner or later Sudan's endemic violence was bound to catch up with this wildlife Eden.

One morning in late June, it happened. Aveling and Pscheidt awoke with rifle barrels staring them in the eyes. "My initial reaction," Aveling said, "was that they were game scouts who had got too much to drink—this sort of thing has happened before."

No such luck. The dozen ill-clad gunmen were members of a fringe rebel group seeking independence for black African southern Sudan from the Arab Muslim north. As a first step they had decided to "liberate" the game park. And then only as an afterthought.

In fact, the rebels had been looking for a Sudanese Air Force MiG-19 fighter that had been sent south from Khartoum to Juba to quell an army mutiny against President Nimeiri. But the MiG got lost, flew 200 miles off course and, before running out of fuel, spotted Boma's tiny dirt strip. Remarkably, the pilot landed safely. Snyder, ironically, was up in Khartoum at the time, fighting the unending battle with the Sudanese bureaucracy, trying to get flying clearance for his new plane. The MiG pilot prevailed upon Tear and Pscheidt to lengthen the runway, and two weeks after the emergency landing, the MiG barely got airborne and finally made it to Juba.

Three days later the rebels came trek-

king in through the rain-sodden bush. Finding they'd just missed their quarry, they instead rounded up the handful of whites in the area—the Haspels family, Aveling and Pscheidt, a Dutch male nurse and two air-group pilots, one American and the other Canadian, who had just flown in with the monthly supply run. They threatened to shoot the hostages unless their demands were met: nearly \$100,000 in Sudanese pounds, shoes, shirts and trousers for 150 men and an international broadcast airing their political grievances.

Then, in a hastily conceived attempt to establish an independent state on the plateau, the rebels ransacked and looted Snyder's base camp, smashing up half a million dollars' worth of vehicles and road-building equipment, including the mighty Faun. Everything was ruined, and the playful leopard had disappeared.

Sixteen days after the takeover, when negotiations with the rebels failed, 130 loyal Sudanese paratroopers swept into the area by helicopter and retook Boma. They killed 18 terrorists in the ensuing firefight and freed the hostages—all of them miraculously unharmed. Snyder's intimate knowledge of the area played a major part in the raid's success.

As for the park, no one has gone back there on a permanent basis; there still are rebels in the area. Haspels, who returned for a day, says he would like to continue his work, but the umbrella organization for mission work in Sudan wants

him to pull out. It's too dicey, they say. Snyder has recommended to Dr. Faust that the park project be trimmed down for now, concentrating on "game wardening"—i.e., the protection of wildlife—rather than tourist development. He plans to visit Boma periodically, to pay his game scouts and to do his administrative work. Some observers predict a renewal of civil war in Sudan, and with combat raging in Chad just to the west of the country, the situation seems ripe for trouble-making. Others think the region can, in its own bi-

zarre way, hold together. Whatever the case, Snyder and Faust intend to keep the project going.

The kob and kudu and other wild creatures of the Boma Park will continue to roam, as they always have, but with the pressures of modern Africa increasing from all sides—poaching, deforestation, indiscriminate cattle grazing, subsistence meat hunting and trapping—how long can it last?

Fryxell, who for the past three years has studied the population dynamics of the white-eared kob, believes they are extremely resilient and well-adapted to Boma's environment. In 1980 he counted nearly a million. Then drought hit and wiped out 250,000. Since then the herd has all but recovered. "Kob are good at taking advantage of the boom-and-bust cycle," he says, "but they are close to their limits. Traditional hunting doesn't hurt them. But there's a limited food supply, and if the kob lose too much more of their dry-season forage, they run a big risk of a population crash."

If the crash proves fatal, it will only vindicate the judgment levied on the Sudan more than a century ago by Samuel Baker. Ironically, for all his criticism, Baker loved the high, harsh country away from the Nile, and though he never reached the distant, game-rich Boma Plateau, he would certainly have found it rewarding enough for his arduous journey. In that respect, he and Phil Snyder are blood brothers.

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Sports Illustrated

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 22-28

Compiled by LISA TWYMAN

BASEBALL—The U.S. team from Managua, Gu., beat the Dominican Republic 3-1 to win the Little League World Series, as Williamsport, Pa.

BOWLING—DENNIS JACQUES edged Sam Sanchez 157-156 in a PBA event in Windsor, Ontario.

GOLF—NICK PRICE fired a 70, 10 under par, for the \$100,000 winner's check in the \$500,000 World Series of Golf in Akron, Ohio. Jack Nicklaus finished second, four strokes back (page 46).

PAT BRADLEY sank a 15-foot birdie putt on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff to beat Beth Daniel in a \$200,000 LPGA event in Denver. Both players finished the 72 holes of regulation play at 277, 11 under par.

HARNESS RACING—RAMBLING WILLIE (52-80), driven by Robert Harropson, won the 12th race beating South Justice by 1½ lengths to earn \$40,000 and increase his winnings to \$2,033,218. The 13-year-old paced the mile in 1:39.5.

HORSE RACING—A 18-1 shot, TOLOMEI (\$78,400), ridden by Pat Eddy, beat 1981 Horse of the Year John Henry by a head to win \$400,000 in the Arlington Million at Chicago. The colt ran 1½ miles on the turf in 2:04.9.

MAKE MINE CASH (\$17,400, ridden by Jerry Nodemos, beat Barnardred by three-quarters of a length in the \$119,000 All-American Quarter Horse Derby at Hialeah Downs in New Mexico. The 3-year-old filly ran the quarter mile in 21.73 seconds and earned a purse of \$565,000.

ALL FIRED UP (\$35,100, Rick Evans aboard, beat Blotum on Top by 1½ lengths to win the \$277,725 Arlington Washington Futurity. Favorite Smart N Stuck dropped dead at the finish line after placing third. All Fired Up, a colt, trailed the seven European in 1:27.

MOTO-CROSS—DAVID BAILEY clinched the Grand National overall title with 180 points, beating Mark Barnett by one point after a 27-race series.

MOTOR SPORTS—RENE ARNOUX, driving a Ferrari Turbo, won the Dutch Grand Prix to move into second place in the world championship standings behind Ales Pross, who finished 40 laps into the

race. Arnoux had an average speed of 115.64 mph as he completed the 72 laps of the Circuit Van Zandvoort in 1:38:41.95.

PAN AM GAMES—At Caracas the U.S. men's basketball team clinched the gold medal with an 87-79 victory over Brazil, then beat Puerto Rico 104-83 to complete the tournament with a 3-0 record (page 48). The U.S. women's team routed Venezuela 113-33 to win the gold. Cuban hosts beat eight U.S. fighters for five gold medals, beating U.S. fighters for all of them. The only U.S. boxing gold medals were Pernell Whitaker, in the 132-pound division, and Louis Howard, in the 147 division.

SOCCER—NASL Montreal won leading Chicago 2-1 when Rubeen Bob Evans awarded Chicago a penalty kick. The kick failed, but Evans ordered it repeated when he saw Montreal goalie Ed Gesteirone move illegally before the shot. The next kick failed, too, but Evans ordered still another kick for the same reason. Gesteirone had moved. Montreal Coach Andy Lynch then stormed the field and was ejected, taking his players with him. The game was suspended pending a ruling by the league's executive committee. In the Central Division, Tulsa beat Fort Lauderdale 4-2.

SWIMMING—At the European Championships in Rome, MICHAEL GROSS of West Germany lowered his 100-meter record in the 200-meter freestyle by 41 seconds to 1:47.87, and smashed Craig Beardsley's 1981 world record in the 200-meter butterfly by 1.04 seconds with a time of 1:57.05. UTE GALLWEIN of East Germany lowered her world record in the 100-meter breaststroke by .09 with a 1:08.51. The West German men's 800 freestyle relay team of GROSS, THOMAS KRAMER, ALEXANDER SCHWITKA, and ANDREAS SCHMIDT set a world record with a time of 7:36.40, 42 better than U.S. men's 1978 mark, and the East German women's 400 medley relay of GLENN, IGLE, ENA, KLEIN, INES GIESLER, and RIGG MEINKE lowered the 1981 world record of another East German team by .09 to 4:03.79.

TENNIS—JO DUBIE beat Hans Mandlikovic 2-6, 7-5, 6-4 to win a \$125,000 tournament in Malibu, N.J.

TRACK & FIELD—In Cologne West Germany SYDNEY MAREE of the U.S. broke Sybil O'Neill's three-year-old world record in the men's 1,500 meters by

12 seconds with a time of 3:31.24, and PIERRE QUINON of France broke the world pole vault record when he cleared 19' 1", one centimeter better than the 1981 mark set by Vladimir Polyakov of the Soviet Union (page 24).

In Pisa, Italy, TAMARA BYKOVA of the Soviet Union broke the world high-jump record set and Ulrike Meyfarth of West Germany set low jump, with a leap of 6' 8 1/2", a quarter-inch higher than her shared record.

MILPITAS—DISQUALIFIED From the Pan Am Games, for use of banned substances, 18 athletes from 19 countries (page 10).

DROPPED BY the NEW YORK YACHT CLUB protests over the kind of the America's Cup competitor, Australia W.

TRAILED BY the Seattle Seahawks, while receiver ROGER CARR JR., a 10-year veteran in the San Diego Chargers, for an undisclosed future draft pick.

By the San Diego Chargers, Center-Forward TOM CHAMBERS, 34, and Guard AL WOOD, 25, to the Seattle SuperSonics for center JAMES DONALDSON, 28, Forward GREG KELLER, 25, a player to be named at a later date and a 1984 first-round draft pick.

By the San Diego Padres, Pitcher JIMMY MONTEFUSCO, 33, to the New York Yankees for two players to be named later.

DIED DOROTHY LINDSEY, 81, one of the nation's first women sportswriters, in Seattle. In 1925, Lindsey was quoted in the Western sports edition of The Boston Herald, the second such position in the country.

CREDITS

1-3—Mickey Fitzgerald (left), Ronald C. Moden (top right), Carl Statler, 4—Linda Smeeth, 5—Illustration by John O. Wynn, 6—Mike Stern, 10—Manny Mahan, 11—George Tatterman, 12—Manny Mahan, 13—Randy Taylor, 14—Sybil O'Neill, 15—Richard Mandlikovic, 16—Manny Mahan, 17—Manny Mahan, 18—Andy Hays, 19—Manny Mahan, 20—Carl Statler, 21—William Campbell, 22—Tom Carr, 23—William Campbell, 24—William Campbell, 25—Bruce Coleman, 26—William Campbell, 27—Top row: Stephen A. Dwyer, Karl Hummer, David Wiley (bottom row: R. B. Hood) (bottom row: T. Ernie Mark Brown).

FACES IN THE CROWD



TERRY BENNETT
Williamsport, Pa.

Terry, 22, a U.S. Army Specialist 4, won the women's 5-style freestyle and overall titles in participating at the Council of International Sports Championships in Switzerland. She also tied for first at the U.S. national in Managua, Gu.



BOB PUATZ
Johnstown, N. Dak.

Puatz, a 25-year-old certified public accountant, hit safely in 73 consecutive games over four years as an outfielder for the Jamestown Elks' baseball team. His streak ended this June as the Elks were beating Valley City Merchants 13-3.



BILL SMITH
Boca, N.J.

Smith, 22, won the New Jersey All-Star Congress decathlon with a meet record 7,958 points, breaking the previous mark of 6,749 set in 1978. He won the discus (133' 7") and was second in the high hurdles and 1,500 meters.



STEVE CORNELIUS
San Diego

Cornelius, 31, bowled an 846 three-game doubles series in the San Diego city tourney, including 31 consecutive strikes and back-to-back 300 games. In the final game of a preceding singles series he had rolled four strikes, giving him 35 as a row.



KYLE COODY
Amesbury, Mass.

Coody, 18, won the All-American Prep Golf Championships in Albuquerque by three strokes over Rich Mark of Anaheim, Calif. Following an opening round 78, Coody shot back-to-back 76s for a final score of even-par 216.



RICK CARLSON
Allentown, Penn.

Rich, 14, a right-hander for the Recus Body Shop team, faced and struck out 21 Rubeen Jett Rubber batteries in a seven-inning game for a 7-0 win. For the season, he whiffed 112 batters in 61 innings and led his team to the city baseball title.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

Sir:

What a fine, fine job of writing by Kenny Moore. His colorful accounts of the first track and field World Championships (*Sprinter and Agony in Helsinki*, Aug. 15) and *Putting It All on the Line*, Aug. 22) were absolutely riveting. The level of emotion at that meet was surely incredibly high, yet Moore put us right there. The array of great photographic work was the perfect accompaniment to Moore's masterful pen. Bravo!

MIKE SCHUEERMANN
Glenwood, Ill.

Sir:

The fluidity, grace of style and heartfelt excitement expressed by Kenny Moore's article *Putting It All on the Line* left me in awe of the accomplishments of many of the world's athletes in the World Championships. Moore has used his years of running experience and his painstaking journalistic expertise to create a moving drama that, up to now, is unequalled in track articles.

BOB CHRISTENSEN
Denver

Sir:

Kenny Moore's article was a beautiful piece of sports journalism. As a track and field coach and competitor, I was especially pleased that his coverage of the meet included not just American highlights, but also outstanding moments involving athletes from other countries. As an American, I was proud of the performances of Carl Lewis, Mary Decker et al., however, the games were much more than just a showcase for American athletes. Moore avoided the pitfall of presenting them as such, and in doing so he showed respect for American fans of track and field. Bravo Kenny Moore! Long live the World Championships!

SANDY FOSTER
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

I have always been impressed by the excellent photography of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. However, the pictures of the World Championships in the Aug. 22 issue were particularly sparkling. Steve Powell's brilliant sequence of the women's 1,500-meter finish, Heinz Klarmeyer's portraits of Mary Decker and Carl Lewis in victory, Tony Duffy's shot of Lewis in midflight as the thrower looks on, and Powell's of Edwin Moses, muscles flexed, eyes fixed on the next hurdle, shoelaces flapping, are examples of the photographic skill that makes your magazine special. In addition, Powell's cover photo of Lewis running the anchor leg of the 4 × 100-meter relay is not

only an outstanding picture, but also a fine study of my peck for Sportsman of the Year.

PETER ROWLEY
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir:

Mary Decker is the most intense woman athlete in America today. The eight-photo series of her incredible driving finish in the 1,500-meter final may be your best sequence ever. And Carl Lewis is clearly the fastest human of all time.

What pride all Americans can take in our team's performance! I can hardly wait for L.A. '84.

MICHAEL BERNY
Camp Hill, Pa.

Sir:

I was very pleased that Kenny Moore compared Carl Lewis' 4 × 100-meter anchor leg with Bob Hayes' anchor run in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. Without slighting Lewis' tremendous achievements, I still think Hayes' anchor may well be the greatest single human performance in athletic history, surpassing even Bob Beamon's jump, Larry Bird's basket off his own missed shot against Houston in Game 1 of the 1981 NBA finals, Nadin Comaneci's 10s, Bill Walton vs. Memphis State in the 1973 NCAA final, Gordon Banks' save on Pelé's header in the 1970 World Cup, etc. According to an unofficial clocking, Hayes ran his anchor in 8.6 seconds, compared to Lewis' 8.9.

BEN A. PIERSON
Hudson, N.Y.

Sir:

The fastest anchor leg of all time? I'll take Dave Sime's at the 1960 Rome Olympics. At top speed, Sime didn't just run, he floated. E.T. HERRINGTON JR., Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Well now we know. It has to be either Mary Decker or Carl Lewis for Sportsman of the Year. But what a decision! Both are deserving. Maybe you can give the award to one of them this year and to the other in 1984.

CLIFFORD WARREN
Providence, Utah

A LITTLE D IN S.D.

Sir:

As a Washington Redskin and University of Alabama fan, I wish San Diego rookie Billy Ray Smith had chosen to play on those teams instead of on Arkansas and San Diego. As it is, I believe he will be an outstanding linebacker and may help solidify the Chargers' defense (*At Last, Some D for San Diego*, Aug. 22). He may not turn out to be a Ray

Nitschke or Dick Butkus, but he'll surely be a Ted Hendricks—and that's pretty good. The thought of San Diego with a defense scares this defending-champion-Redskins fan.

WILLIAM H. BECK
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

Until San Diego acquires some veterans to aid its ailing defense, watching one of the Chargers' games will still be like watching a nuclear war: a lot of offense, no defense and no real winner.

NEIL CAPPS
Panama City, Fla.

SIZZLING SOX

Sir:

Frank Deford's updater on the Chicago White Sox pitching staff was excellent (*Some Like It Hot*, Aug. 22). The hurlers are the main reason the Sox are in first place in the West. We in the Chicago area have known this, but now, thanks to Deford, the whole nation knows.

I dispute one thing in that issue, though. In *Isosot PITCH* under "Ball Park Figures," Herm Wenkopf lists the Angels' Daryl Scotters as a rookie All-Star at first base. I believe that the White Sox' Greg Walker is the better of the two. Just look at their current stats: Walker has a .264 batting average, eight home runs and 48 RBIs, while Scotters is batting .259, has eight home runs and 38 RBIs.

DAVID WILLS
Oak Lawn, Ill.

Sir:

Frank Deford's article on the Chicago pitching staff was as hot as the White Sox have been in the last couple of months. I question only one thing: Deford's concluding statement that they might even be good enough to play in the American League East. Wrong. They are good enough to play in the East—and win the Series.

FERNANDO ROEMER
Moline, Ill.

LENN SAKATA

Sir:

Shame on you, SI. Apparently you don't take your Player of the Week selection seriously anymore (*INSIDE PITCH*, Aug. 22). How could you overlook a player like the Yankees' Dave Winfield, who hit 40s, with nine extra-base hits, including four home runs, and drove in 12 runs that week, and instead choose Oriole Lenn Sakata?

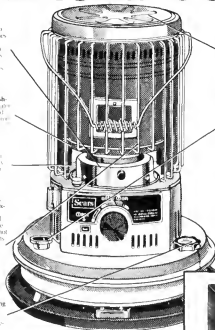
STEVE NYTES
Kaukauna, Wis.

Sir:

If your choice of Lenn Sakata as Player of the Week for getting two hits against Chicago continued

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19TH HOLE (continued)

after going 0 for 66 against the Sox, was a joke, it sure didn't make me laugh. If you are going to honor Sakata, give him the Unsung Hero Award. Last year, the Orioles needed a shortstop. Sakata, who is naturally a second baseman, played there and did a terrific job until Cal Ripken took over the position in the middle of the season. During the first half of this season, Baltimore Catcher Joe Nolan fractured his toe and Sakata became one of the backups. He didn't catch in any games, but he was ready in the bullpen if needed. And on the night of Aug. 19, Sakata came up in the bottom of the ninth for his first and only at bat of the game and delivered a base hit that came with two outs and the winning run on second. The run scored.

LARRY SOKOLOWSKI
Baltimore

Sir,

I loved your Player of the Week item on Lenny Sakata. No one deserved it more than he. They even offered him the ball after his hit against the White Sox.

KENNETH G. GIOVANI
Cicero, Ill.

OLYMPIC PREDICTIONS

Sir,

Thanks to Dennis Stathopoulos for her brilliant article about the U.S. swim team (A Pool Party with Records, Aug. 15). And, too bad, too, for Richard Mackinnon for some of the best photographs I've ever seen in *SI*. A lot of folks weren't aware of what a good shot the American men have at the gold at Los Angeles. Now, perhaps they'll see the light.

Look out, world, here come the Stars and Stripes.

PULI WEISS
Lutay, Va.

Sir,

My late husband and I taught our children to be objective in their desires and opinions. I note that my son, Randy Hart (manager of venue press operations for the Los Angeles Olympics Organizing Committee) was quoted in Dennis Stathopoulos' article as saying that, except for Tiffany Cohen, our women swimmers will not be favorites in the '84 Olympics. He learned the "objective" lesson well.

Randy knows that I am totally objective when it comes to my family and others whom I love. I have never exercised more of that total objectivity than now when I say to Randy (and to readers of *SI*): Tracy Caulkins and Mary T. Meagher and Rosalyn Galties, among the men, as well—all will win gold for the U.S. in the '84 Games. I hope to be there and will furnish the crowd Love Mom.

MARY LEE HART
Marietta, Ga.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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